

ALL-NEW 1975 WINTER-SPECIAL

all original  
1975 winter  
YEARBOOK



# THE 1975 NIGHTMARE

WINTER SPECIAL T.M.

HOLIDAY  
SPECIAL

## SnakeWIZARD

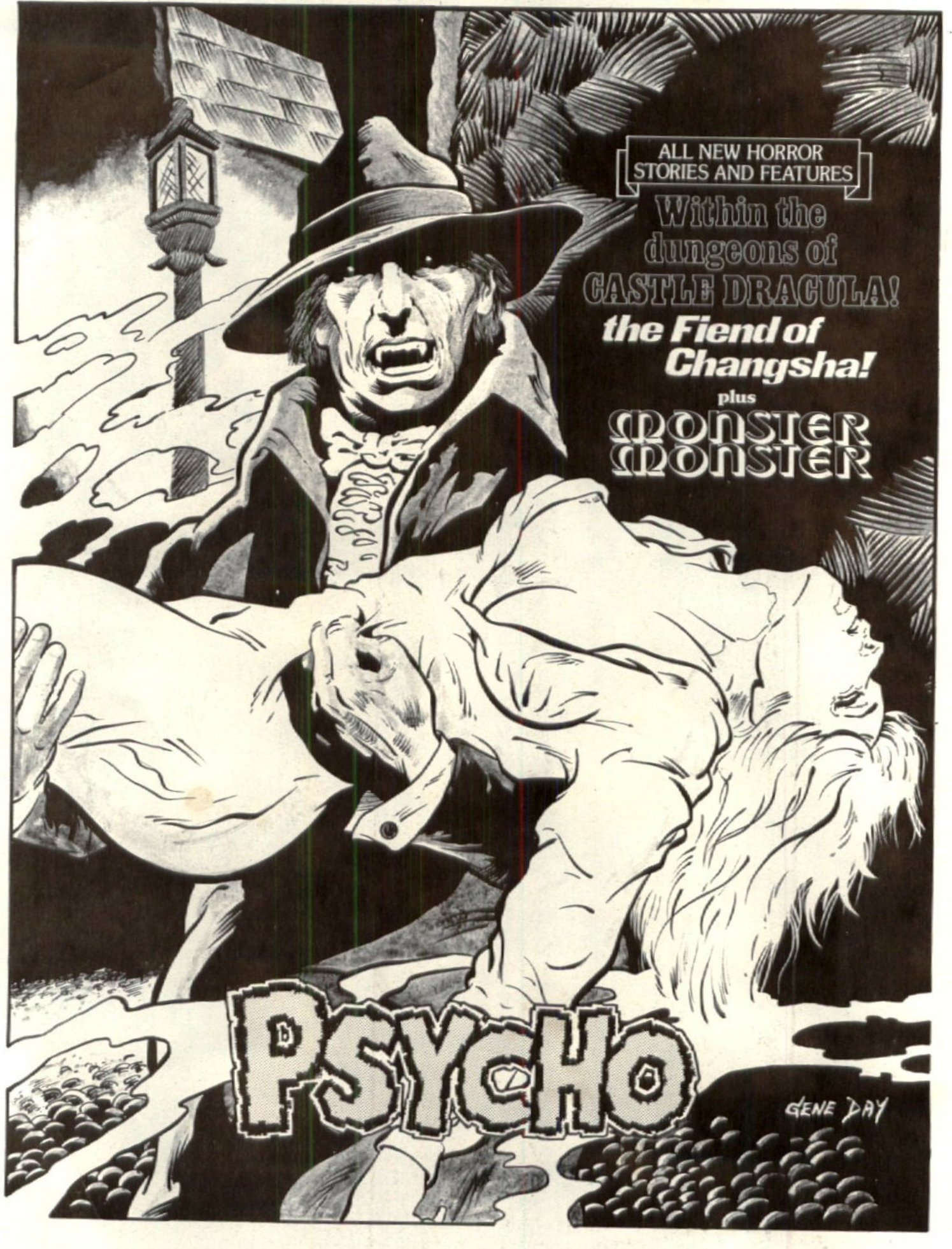
ALL NEW HORRORS

THE HUMAN DEAD  
vs.  
THE HUMAN GARGOYLES  
plus  
THE VAMPIRE FREAKS

DEATHWALK!  
and  
Fistful of Flesh!







ALL NEW HORROR  
STORIES AND FEATURES

Within the  
dungeons of  
**CASTLE DRACULA!**

*the Fiend of  
Changsha!*

plus

**MONSTER  
MONSTER**

**PSYCHO**

GENE DAY



# NIGHTMARE

NO. 23 FEBRUARY 1975

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## The Human Gargoyles

A very special selection of HUMAN GARGOYLE story matter — THE LEGEND OF THE HUMAN GARGOYLES on page 4, THE HUMAN GARGOYLES VS. THE HUMAN DEAD on page 5, and a special preview of a very special cover in the works . . . page 13

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TRADITIONS are intended to dissuade rugged individualism — but traditions are laws, and laws are meant to be broken . . . page 16

## Deathwalk

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## Snakewizard

The birth of a brand new horror character series by Augustine Funnell — a horror event . . . page 59



# THE **L**EGEND OF THE HUMAN GARGOYLES



I am the creation not of God, nor of a Satan, but of man . . .

. . . in a year very long ago, a sculptor took a stone block and formed me from it . . . I remember sounds first . . . of chipping rock, falling like rain to the ground around me. It was an incomprehensible sound then, for my faculty to reason was not yet born; only my mind knew life, only my spirit and soul breathed air as it passed around and about me. When my eyes were cut by the sculptor's hands the world entered me in a flood of light that seemed to me so strange, yet so assuming . . .

. . . I have since reasoned the year of my conception to be 1427, but of my creator's name I have no knowledge. My reason for being, however, is definite, for I, and a smaller other, were made to be affixed to a cathedral in Friedburg, Germany; there to perform as water-spouts to project the rain, which collected in the roof gutters, away from the walls of the structure. We were so close together on our ledge, the other gargoyle and I, that another singular reason for our being becomes apparent; that we were placed so close suggests we were also **ORNAMENTS**, sculptured with unusual features and to an odd size . . . it might be apparent to a student or a fancier of gargoyles that I was a **MALE**, and the other, smaller, stone fabrication a **FEMALE** . . .

. . . we learned language, foreign and colloquial, from the cathedral priests who came to sit nearby on our ledge to read, and then to talk. They remembered their lives as youths and talked often of the world and what they had seen in it . . . we learned war when tanks rolled into the square beneath us . . . and indignity when shot at by drunken soldiers . . . we were exposed to God's elements, and learned to love their many expressions, whether storm or calm, or the black night or the white day . . . tho fickle companions, they were as constant as the priests in attending our endless sojourn atop that parapet . . .

. . . we were removed when the cathedral became a jungle to the times, and the priests selected a sublime electrical neon cross to our apoplectic constancy . . . we were roughly ripped from our perch and tossed into a stone mortuary in amongst the church's adjoining old graves . . . and there — when the Gods became angry at the worship of Satan by demonic cultists; there — where man conjured **HELL** to come unto them; there — we **BREATHED** and **BEGAN** a gifted **LIFE** . . . purposefully **RE-BORN**, I am convinced, to demonstrate not only God's mighty works but the eternally negative disposition of **EVIL** . . .

. . . now alive as a human is alive, (or in a somewhat akin circumstance) and mated to the small one I named Mina who perched beside me. and somehow father to Andrew — born of our mating, I — Edward Sartyros — a jealous and self-righteous person, live only to battle evil and its denizens; exist only to be poked at every turn by Satan's icy claw; I find triumph only in oppression, solace only when with those I love, respite only when I sleep, and experience optimism only as a realization of the wretched alternative to my present circumstance . . .

. . . I am not a **WRETCH**, but neither am I **HAPPY** — I am not fully alive because to be so is to be recognized as such — **I AM** what **I AM** . . . and the closest analogy is the suggested: **HUMAN GARGOYLE** . . .

. . . I wish only to be left alone to myself and to those I love, but I doubt that to be my destiny, for **BORN OF HORROR** I know I am to **DIE OF HORROR** . . . and what there is in store for me between those extreme moments seems predestined only by Satan . . . and I know, that **SATAN IS HORROR** . . .



...A long night in the saga of

# THE HUMAN GARGOYLES

written by ALAN HEWETSON

illustrated by MAELO CINTRON



...MIDNIGHT  
UPON CASTLE  
SARTYROS...



...WITHIN,  
A CHILD  
SLEEPS...



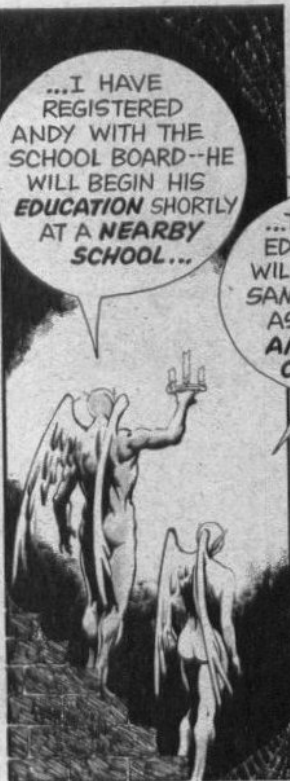
--PROTECTED BY HIS MOTHER  
FROM THE WORLD OUTSIDE--  
PROTECTED BY HIS FATHER  
FROM THE FORCES OF ANOTHER  
WORLD ALTOGETHER, ONE RULED  
BY THE NATURAL ENEMY OF  
THE SARTYROS FAMILY...



--THE **IGNOBLE SATHANAS**--WHO WATCHES  
THEIR EVERY MOVE--WHO GRINS A GROTESQUE,  
EVIL GRIN EVERY FEW MOMENTS, AS HE THINKS  
UP **GAMES** TO PLAY UPON EDWARD, MINA, AND  
ANDREW SARTYROS--THREE HUMAN BEINGS  
(ALBEIT CREATED OF STONE AND SOFT MARBLE)  
WHO ONLY WANT A WEE BIT OF **NORMALITY**  
TO THEIR **TORMENTED LIVES**...





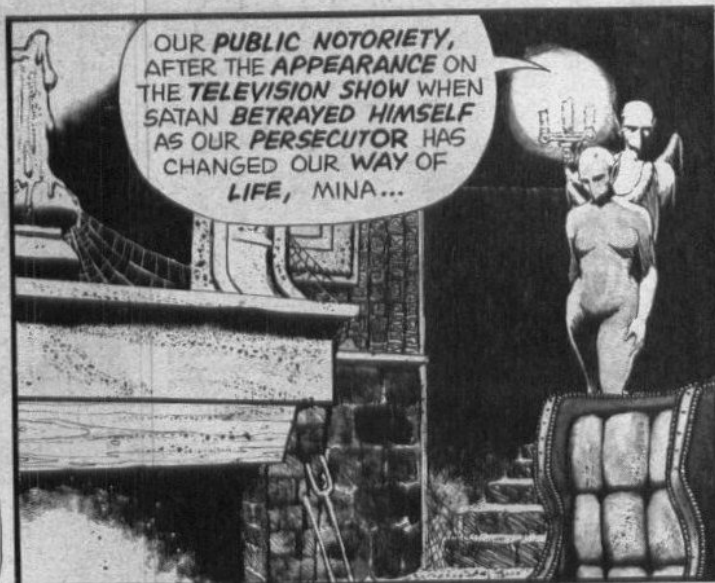


...I HAVE REGISTERED ANDY WITH THE SCHOOL BOARD--HE WILL BEGIN HIS **EDUCATION** SHORTLY AT A **NEARBY SCHOOL**...



...THEN HIS EDUCATION WILL BE OF THE SAME QUALITY AS **OTHER AMERICAN CHILDREN**.

YES--BUT **DON'T WORRY!** I WON'T LET THAT HOLD BACK THE DEVELOPMENT OF HIS PERSONALITY--WHATEVER QUESTIONS OUR CHILD HAS, THAT THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM DOES NOT ANSWER, **WE** WILL ANSWER...



OUR **PUBLIC NOTORIETY**, AFTER THE **APPEARANCE** ON THE **TELEVISION SHOW** WHEN **SATAN BETRAYED HIMSELF** AS OUR **PERSECUTOR** HAS CHANGED OUR WAY OF **LIFE, MINA**...



...NO LONGER DO WE HAVE TO **DOUBLE-THINK** OUR **EVERY ACTION**...



WHAT DID YOU SAY? **DOUBLE-THINK**? WHERE DID YOU GET A WORD LIKE THAT? IS THAT A **LEGITIMATE WORD**?

I **CAN'T REMEMBER** WHERE I GOT THE WORD--I'VE BEEN DOING A **LOT OF READING** LATELY--WHEN YOU WERE IN JAIL, **PAUL HAWKINS** TAUGHT ME HOW TO READ...



...WHAT **SORT OF STUFF** HAVE YOU BEEN **READING**?

...HAVE YOU BEEN READING ANYTHING ON THE **WOMEN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENT**? THAT SEEMS TO BE VERY **POPULAR**--WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT **WOMEN'S LIBERATION**?

...OH, JUST ABOUT **EVERYTHING**...

...I'VE READ SOME THINGS ABOUT IT--IT'S VERY **INTERESTING**--IT'S PROBABLY A **GOOD THING**...



...FOR WOMEN WHO **AREN'T LIBERATED!**





# THE HUMAN GARGOYLES VS. THE HUMAN DEAD

...EDWARD SARTYROS SEEMS TO BE OF THE OPINION THAT I HAVE A **ONE-TRACK-MIND**--HE SEEMS TO THINK MY **SOLE DESIGN** IN SENDING **ENEMIES** TO **BATTLE** HIM (MONSTERS ALWAYS EASILY DEFEATED) HAS BEEN TO **EMBARRASS** HIM WITH **AUTHORITIES**, TO **THWART** HIS STRUGGLE TO BECOME HUMAN...

...THIS IS NOT SO, IS IT MY PET?

HAHAHAHA  
HAHAHA

WHAT **FOOLS** THOSE GARGOYLES BE!



...LIKE ALL BEINGS ON THIS EARTH, HUMAN OR NOT, EDWARD SARTYROS SEES HIMSELF AS THE **CENTER OF ATTENTION**--AS THE **FOCUS** OF MY **ACTIVITIES**, IN PARTICULAR--EDWARD SARTYROS HAS **POMPOUSLY** MADE THE PUBLIC, EN MASSE, AWARE OF HIS **CONTINUAL BATTLES** WITH **THE LIVING SATAN**, IN HIS **IDiotic AUTO-BIOGRAPHY**--NOW THE PUBLIC **RESPECTS** HIM, AND WHAT HE SAYS IS MADE **BELIEVABLE**--

--SO NOW **PHASE TWO** OF MY **DESIGNS** BEGIN...

THE END OF ALL THIS, UNBEKNOWN TO EVEN THE MOST ANALYTICAL OBSERVER OF MY QUAINT MELODRAMA WITH SARTYROS, IS THE **ABSOLUTE REPUDIATION** OF MY **EXISTENCE**...

...I DO NOT WANT PEOPLE TO BELIEVE I **EXIST!**--WHEN THEY BELIEVE I **EXIST** THEY HAVE THE **OPTION** TO **REJECT ME**--TO OFFER **OPTIONS** IS **HARDLY** MY **STYLE!**

SO, MY PET, IN SHORT, EDWARD SARTYROS, THE RESPECTED PUBLIC FIGURE--THE NOTORIOUS PUBLIC DEFENDER IN THE WORDLY NEVER-ENDING BATTLE AGAINST **ME**, SHALL IN THE **END**--**DENY** MY **EXISTENCE**...

...I **CREATED** HIM TO **SERVE** MY **PURPOSES**--WHEN MY **PURPOSES** ARE **SERVED**, I SHALL **DESTROY** HIM AS **EASILY** AS I **GAVE** HIM **LIFE!**





...BUT TONIGHT  
I AM IN A MOOD FOR  
SOME FUN--IMPERTINENT  
TO MY PLANS--FOR I AM  
ONE TO ENJOY FUN EVERY  
NOW AND THEN, (AND  
WHERE IS THE FUN WHEN  
THERE IS PURPOSE?)--

--SO--FOR THE  
SAKE OF FUN-- I  
RAISE ALL THE DEAD IN  
THESE GROUNDS--THE MIND-  
LESS CORPSE HUSKS. (MIND-  
LESS, FOR THEIR SPIRITS ARE  
ALREADY LONG DEPARTED TO  
HEAVEN OR HELL)--AND  
SHALL CAUSE THEM TO  
ATTACK THE SARTYROS  
FAMILY...

...THIS WILL CONFUSE  
EDWARD SARTYROS COMPLETELY!

HA HA HA HA HA HA  
HA HA HA

RISE UP--RISE  
UP HUMAN DEAD!!  
AND DO BATTLE WITH  
THE HUMAN  
GARGOYLES!!





I NOTICED SOME GRAVES TODAY--  
IN THE CASTLE  
GROUNDS--

THE REAL  
ESTATE AGENT TELLS  
ME THE GRAVEYARD  
SECTION IS NOT MY PROPERTY--  
IT IS OWNED BY THE  
NEARBY TOWN--PAUPERS AND  
UNKNOWN ARE BURIED  
THERE--PERSONS OF NO-  
CONSEQUENCE OR OF  
ILL-CONSEQUENCE...

NO,  
EVERY MAN  
HAS GREAT  
WORTH!

WOULD YOU  
LIKE TO GO  
UP TO BED NOW,  
EDWARD?

NOT JUST  
YET, I LIKE  
WATCHING THE  
FIRE!

NO-  
CONSEQUENCE?  
WHAT A HORRID  
EXPRESSION! IS THERE  
ANY HUMAN OF NO-  
CONSEQUENCE?

...WHILE YOU  
WERE FOOD-  
SHOPPING TODAY I  
TOOK ANDREW FOR  
AN A+W ROOT  
BEER...

...DID  
HE ENJOY  
IT?

...HE SAID  
HE DID--HE  
CALLED IT  
"ROOP BEER"...

...PERSONALLY  
I **DETEST**  
ROOT BEER!

OH, MY  
GOD,  
EDWARD!!

TAKE YOUR  
HANDS OFF  
MY WIFE!









...I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT ALL  
**THAT** WAS ABOUT--  
SOME SORT  
OF **FOOLISH**  
JOKE--

...LOOK AT  
THIS **MESS!**  
THE **WHOLE ROOM**  
IS COVERED IN  
**FLESH AND BONE**  
AND **MUD!**



ALL RIGHT, I'LL  
CLEAN IT UP--  
PERHAPS YOU  
SHOULD SEE THAT  
ANDREW IS  
ALL RIGHT--

OKAY!



WHAT  
A **MESS!**





next:  
**KIDNAPPED!**



a **VERY SPECIAL**  
cover issue is coming soon!

# THE HUMAN GARGOYLES

THE ILLUSTRATED HORROR MASTERPIECE BY  
ARCHAIC **ALAN HEWETSON** AND MACABRE **MAELO CINTRON**



THIS ISN'T EXACTLY 100%  
WHAT THE COVER WILL LOOK LIKE!

Mystified? Cover artist SEGRELLES, working on editorial ideas, painted the magnificent cover painting you see above — then HUMAN GARGOYLES artist MAELO CINTRON took over to give it his personal Gargoyles touch, as it will appear on a cover very shortly. The picture above is a collector's item, because you're looking at the Segrelles art before Cintron made his personal touches to the piece — compare this with the finished cover, on sale soon! A very special HUMAN GARGOYLES ISSUE!



# NIGHTMARE MAILBAG

... Correspondence from  
Charles Howie, Jr.

The best story in this issue (NIGHTMARE #20) is: Art: A TALE OF HORROR. Story idea: THE BLACK CAT. Because: (a) The panels which were completely rendered effectively caught the atmosphere of the story and realistically portrayed the German soldier and the ruined city. Unfortunately, some of the panels were almost simple line drawings and their special purpose, if any, was lost to me. Also, the panels blended well and were part of the script rather than simply an illustration of it. (b) The story line in "THE BLACK CAT" is of course in the classic tradition of the investigation of a man driven mad by a fault in his own personality and his subsequent attempt in rational moments to displace this fault to people and objects in his environment, which ultimately leads to his demise; this demise brought about through the revenge of the objects of his blame. The story takes advantage of the truth of paranoia and illustrates it very well. Unfortunately, in your magazine, the story was too short and the art work rather poor.

**FAVORITE ALL-TIME STORY:** In truth, I have no all time favorite. However, your recent adaptation of E. A. Poe's "BERENICE" is among the best I have read in your magazines. A close second is "THE MAELSTROM" by the same author.

"I buy the HORROR-MOOD magazines because they appear to me to be the sincerest attempt to produce authentic (more or less adult) horror stories in the classic tradition. Most of the stories, I must admit, are hardly worth reading and are soon forgotten. From time to time, however, you produce a "gem" such as EAP's "BERENICE". Were it only that such gems were more frequent. I've been reading comics from 1944 when I was just able to puzzle through a BATMAN story. Since then, I've kept searching for those stories which can best be told in illustrated form. Those jewels which remain in your memory to be marveled at again and again. Since Alan Hewetson took over as editor of the SKYWALD magazines the incidence of memorable stories - ones that give you something to think about and discuss with friends - has been higher than in most of the other illustrated maga-

zines available. Also, there seems to be a desire to keep to the classical elements of horror like those found in the works of Poe, Lovecraft, and others which involve the distortions of reality which occur in a diseased mind.

**"FAVORITE HORROR - MOOD WRITER:** Edgar A. Poe.

**FAVORITE HORROR - MOOD ARTIST:** Actually, I am hard pressed to choose between Xirinius and Dela Rosa. I suppose if I had to choose one it would be Xirinius. In my view, his beautifully detailed drawings are each a masterpiece in themselves. He captures emotions with facial expressions, his drawings blend with the story line rather than simply illustrate it. I would compare him with the best of "Ghastly" Graham Ingels. Dela Rosa is also effective but many of his drawings appear a bit too "rubbery" for best effect.

**FAVORITE COVER ARTIST:** Here I will indicate a tie between Fernandes and Jad with perhaps a tiny edge to Fernandes for his particularly grim depiction of the dead rising from the grave.



now on sale

**FAVORITE TYPE OF STORY:** Here I would describe stories dealing with the ordinary which when seen under bizarre conditions by a healthy mind or under normal conditions by a diseased mind become transformed into the alien or unknown. In all cases, however, there must be enough indication

of the properties of the unknown or alien such that the intrigue or horror which results from reading the story. In many instances the text story has an inherent advantage over the illustrated story in that the pictures replace the imagined scenes of the reader which are unique and result from the attack on the readers sense of security based on his "understanding" of reality. When the ordinary appears to be "unknown", or the situation unpredictable, the reader begins to feel a loss of control and then if the story is very well done, he slides down into the psychological state of "fear" in its various forms. The great strength of the illustrated story is that the scenes are more permanent, detailed, and perhaps beyond those which could be produced by the reader. In this case, the text and the pictures may play upon the reader's imagination. Stories which deal with "degenerations" of the normal given special properties, essences of abhorrent objects, phobias which are part of everyone's psyche, or forms of madness seem to play an important role in the most effective stories of this type.

"Stories should be of a length suitable to making them effective. However, I would avoid very long stories because if they don't appeal to me a great part of your magazine loses its

appeal in that particular case. **PHOTO-FEATURES:** These features appeal to me when they are devoted to the classic horror films (rare stills, production techniques, etc.) or if devoted to the lives of famous writers of horror fiction. Your article on H. P. Lovecraft was very appealing to me. Your photo of his grave site was particularly fascinating.

**"FAVORITE HORROR - MOOD TITLES:** It is impossible to pick out a PARTICULAR TITLE because as far as I am concerned the title should be suited exactly to the story and may vary so considerably that there seems to be no "type". Generally, however, I like the shorter titles devoted to a key aspect of the story such as THE FUNERAL BARGE and RATS IN THE WALLS and so on. Also, grim humor has a place in titles especially as puns related to a particular twist in the plot such as "BAD CHOKE".

**"SUMMARY:** Thanks for reading all of this. I was as sincere as possible. I would like to see your magazines improve along the lines that I have outlined. I do enjoy them as they are but let's make them perfect. I hope my remarks were the kind of help you were looking for to bring your magazines more in line with the reader's desires." Charles Howie, Jr.

## WEREWOLF

coming up soon







# the Fiend of Changsha!

In PSYCHO #21 the bizarre character THE FIEND OF CHANGSHA, illustrated by Korean/New York artist CHULL SANHO KIM, made its debut — on the last page of that story, if you recall, we placed a coupon requesting YOU, the reader, to vote life or death for the series! We were OVERWHELMED by your response DEMANDING life for the new character — so be it — in the next PSYCHO (#24 — THE 1975 WINTER-SPECIAL) chapter 2 will wing its way into your bleeding hearts as a regular every-issue feature — miss it not; on sale December 30, 1974!



-- AND YOU -- WHO  
DECEIVED ME -- WILL BE  
MY FIRST VICTIM !

NO CHAN' HAI, THIS IS NOT  
THE WAY ! THIS IS  
NOT RIGHT !





THE SHARP CLANGING OF HAMMER AND ANVIL RINGS THROUGH THE QUIET AUSTRIAN VILLAGE... THE AIR SEEMS PREGNANT WITH EXPECTATION AS THE HOURS OF DAYLIGHT SOFTLY DRIFT TO A CLOSE.



ON MOST SUMMER EVENINGS WHEN THE WORK IS PLENTIFUL, THE SOUNDS OF THE BLACKSMITH AT WORK ARE HEARD LONG INTO THE NIGHT...

FOR WITHIN SHORT HOURS, THE FULL-MOON WILL RISE AND EVIL WILL STALK THE DARKENED WOODS!

LET THE COALS GROW COLD, WE HAVE DONE ENOUGH WORK THIS DAY!

THE CAPTAIN BE DAMNED! THERE IS FAR MORE IMPORTANT WORK TO BE DONE THIS NIGHT!

WHAT WILL THE CAPTAIN SAY WHEN HE FINDS THAT THE SHOE HAS NOT BEEN REPLACED?



... BUT *THIS* NIGHT IS FAR DIFFERENT THAN THE OTHERS--



FOR LONG YEARS YOU HAVE KNOWN OF MY HABITS, MY SON. WHEN THE MOON IS FULL WE VILLAGE MEN HUNT THE MOST HIDEOUS AND INTELLIGENT OF FOES--

--THE WEREWOLF!

TONIGHT SHALL BE NO DIFFERENT!

written by EDWARD FEDORY  
illustrated by ROBERT MARTIN

# TRADITION OF THE WOLF



LATER, AS THE RISING SILVER MOON REPLACES THE SUN ON THE NOW DARKENED HORIZON--

LAST MONTH  
WE LOST OLAF  
HAUSER!  
WHICH ONE OF  
US WILL IT SLAY  
TONIGHT!

TONIGHT HIS SKIN  
WILL BE STRETCHED  
ON THE SIDE OF MY  
SHOP!

ALTHOUGH IT DOES NOT  
FEAR US--YET, WE  
SHALL TEACH IT THE  
THE MEANING OF--  
--TERROR!

LET US SPREAD  
OUT SO WE CAN  
FIND HIM!

FROM WITHIN THE SHADOWS, QUICK, RED  
EYES FOLLOW THE SCENT OF MAN!

HE IS  
NEAR!

MEIN GOTT  
IN HEAVEN!




IN THE RAPIDLY FLICKERING LIGHT, *BONE, TENDON*  
AND *MUSCLE* ARE *SLASHED* AND *TORN* BY *SHARP,*  
*NAILED CLAWS!*




*C*HILD OF *EVIL*... *SON* OF THE *NIGHT*...  
WITH *PREY* IN HIS GRASP HE *SINGS*  
HIS *VICTORY* TO THE *MOON!*



*A GROTESQUE, PRIMITIVE RITUAL*  
*BEFORE THE FEAST!*



QUICKLY!  
IT CAME FROM  
THIS  
DIRECTION!

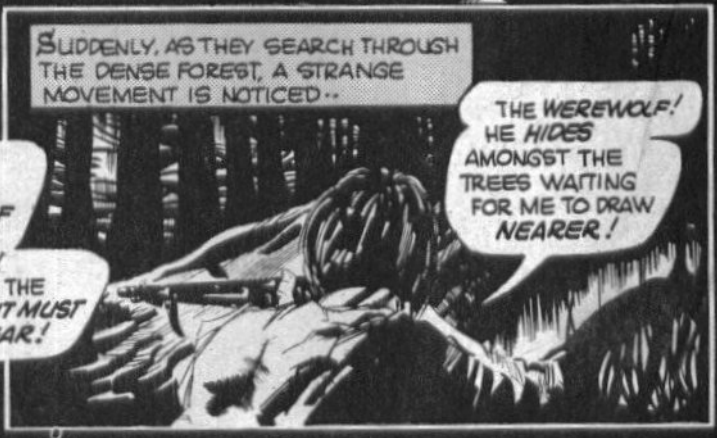


IN THE DIM LIGHT OF TORCH AND MOON,  
THE SEARCHERS ALMOST STUMBLE  
OVER THE GROTESQUE MESS THAT  
LITTERS THE FOREST FLOOR--

WHO  
WAS IT?

IT LOOKS  
LIKE JENSEN

MEIN GOTT--  
WE MUST  
FIND THE WOLF  
BEFORE IT  
KILLS AGAIN!  
SEARCH THE  
AREA-- IT MUST  
BE NEAR!



SUDDENLY, AS THEY SEARCH THROUGH  
THE DENSE FOREST, A STRANGE  
MOVEMENT IS NOTICED--

THE WEREWOLF!  
HE HIDES  
AMONGST THE  
TREES WAITING  
FOR ME TO DRAW  
NEARER!



I SHALL  
NOT FALL PREY  
TO HIS  
CUNNING!

CLIKK

AS THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGE ECHOES  
THROUGH THE FOREST, A SILVER  
ANGEL OF DEATH TEARS THROUGH  
THE AIR!





WITHIN SECONDS THE *RUSTIC* STRIDES FORWARD WITH WARY STEPS TO VIEW THE *CREATURE* THAT HAS FALLEN VICTIM TO THE *SILVER BULLET*--

NO LONGER WILL MY VILLAGE LIVE IN FEAR--  
--THE WEREWOLF--  
IS DEAD!

DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN--  
--WHAT HIDEOUS THING HAVE I DONE?

SERGE!  
SERGE!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO SHOOT HIM!  
I THOUGHT THE WEREWOLF WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BRANCHES--  
--NOT HIM!

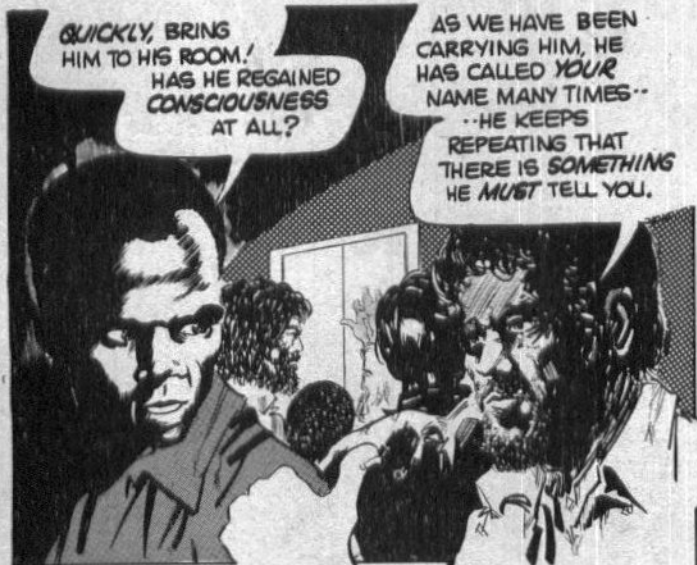
WE MUST BRING HIM HOME BEFORE HE DIES! HE MUST NOT DIE ON THE GROUND LIKE--  
--AN ANIMAL!



IT WAS AN  
ACCIDENT!

WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED?

IT IS YOUR FATHER...  
..HE'S BEEN SHOT!



QUICKLY, BRING  
HIM TO HIS ROOM!  
HAS HE REGAINED  
CONSCIOUSNESS  
AT ALL?

AS WE HAVE BEEN  
CARRYING HIM, HE  
HAS CALLED YOUR  
NAME MANY TIMES--  
..HE KEEPS  
REPEATING THAT  
THERE IS SOMETHING  
HE MUST TELL YOU.

LINGERING UP WHAT LITTLE TIME AND ENERGY HE HAS, THE  
BLACKSMITH STRUGGLES TO SPEAK--HIS VOICE IS ONLY  
A VAGUE AND TATTERED REMNANT OF HIS ONCE  
POWERFUL THROAT!



...STEPHAN...

YES FATHER,  
I AM HERE.

EXCEPT FOR THE CRY OF AGONY AT HIS FATHER'S DEATH,  
NO SOUND BROKE FROM BEHIND THE CLOSED DOORS OF  
THE DEATH CHAMBER. A PALER, WEAKER FORM CAME  
TO THOSE DOORS AND ANNOUNCED HIS GRIM TIDINGS--



...TELL THE OTHERS  
TO LEAVE...  
...I MUST COUGH--  
SPEAK WITH YOU  
ALONE...



MY FATHER, SERGE  
GUNNARMANN IS  
DEAD--  
..RETURN TO YOUR  
HOMES!

SOME THOUGHT THAT HIS MIND HAD BECOME UNHINGED  
IN ITS GREAT SORROW, FOR THERE WAS A BURNING  
LIGHT OF INSANITY THAT SEEMED TO GLOW IN HIS  
EYES!



STEPHAN CONTINUED HIS FATHER'S TRADE,  
AND LIKE HIS FATHER, WAS VERY GOOD AT IT!  
--AND TRUE TO HIS FATHER'S EXAMPLE, ON  
NIGHTS OF THE FULL-MOON HE WOULD HUNT!



--BUT UNLIKE HIS FATHER, HE  
CHOSE TO HUNT *ALONE*!

THE SETTING SUN THREW HAUNTING SHADOWS  
ACROSS THE GRAVES OF THE LONG DEAD... AND THE  
PUNGENT SCENT OF ROTTING FLOWERS LACED THE  
AIR. HE FOUND IT SOOTHING TO ROAM AMONG THE  
DEAD, AND FOUND COMFORT IN HIS ONE-SIDED  
CONVERSATIONS WITH HIS DEAD PARENT.



MANY TIMES HE HAD BEEN SEEN TALKING TO THE  
STONES... AND SOON ALL IN THE VILLAGE SHUNNED  
HIM AS ONE WOULD A LEPER. ONLY THE BRAVE  
DARED LOOK IN HIS EYES, FOR THEY WERE EYES  
THAT COULD PIERCE A MAN'S SOUL AND FREEZE  
HIS BLOOD



--THEY THOUGHT HIM *MAD*!

IT IS AT TIMES LIKE THESE--*BEFORE THE HUNT*-- THAT THE RESPONSIBILITIES I HAVE *INHERITED* SEEM TOO GREAT!

IT IS TIMES LIKE THESE THAT YOUR APPROVING WORDS WOULD BE SO GREATLY WELCOMED--BUT YOU ARE *DEAD*, A MERE *SHADOW* OF WHAT YOU ONCE WERE!

RIP

BERGE GUNNARMAN

1809 - 1858

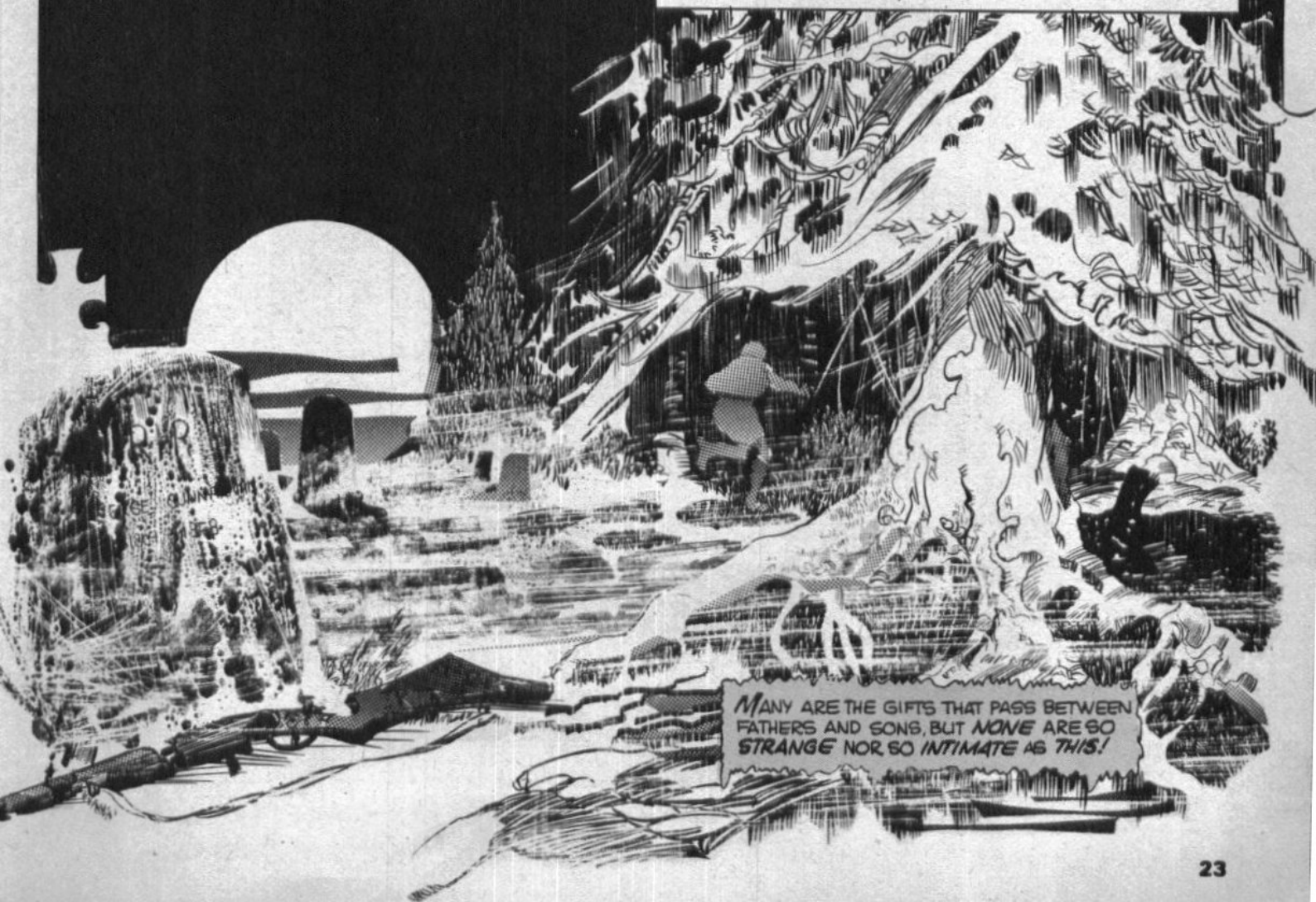
THE WIND IS MOVING THROUGH THE THICK FOREST, CARRYING THE SCENT OF PINE AND OF THE ANIMALS HIDDEN IN THE GROWING DARKNESS!

SOON, THE AIR WILL BE RAPT WITH STILL ANOTHER SCENT--

--THE ONE YOU KNEW SO WELL--  
..THE SCENT OF MAN!

SOON TO BE FOLLOWED BY--  
..THE SWEET TASTE OF...  
**HUMAN FLESH!**

*NOSTRILS QUIVER* AS THE SMELL OF SWEATING MEN LACES THE AIR! IT IS A SCENT THAT BRINGS SALIVA FLOODING THE MOUTH, AND RAISES LUPINE EARS FOR THE FAINTEST SOUND OF A DISTANT TWIG SNAPPING!



MANY ARE THE GIFTS THAT PASS BETWEEN FATHERS AND SONS, BUT NONE ARE SO STRANGE NOR SO INTIMATE AS THIS!





written by EDWARD FEDORY  
illustrated by ANDY CRANDON

**HIS LONG LEGS CARRY HIM FROM THE BURIAL SITE, BUT NOT FROM THE CRYING WORDS THAT SEEM TO PLAGUE EACH FOOTSTEP!**



# DEATH WALK!!



HOW MANY TIMES  
HAVE **CHILDREN** DIED  
IN THIS VILLAGE?

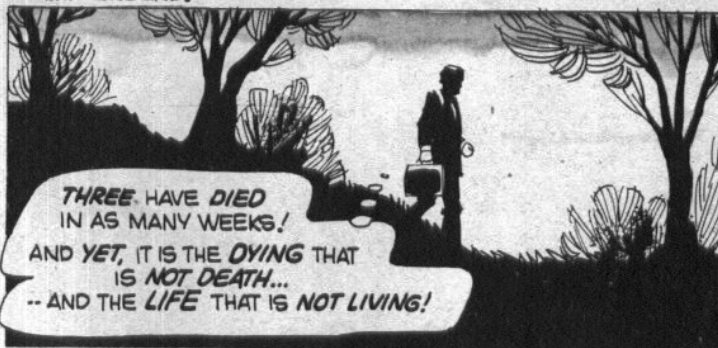


HE KNOWS THAT MY  
**DRAINING** THE DISEASED  
**BLOOD** FROM MY PATIENTS  
GIVES HIM A **COVER!**  
THEY SUSPECT **ME--**  
--AND **IGNORE** THOSE HIDEOUS  
**HOLES** WHERE HE ATTACHES  
HIMSELF...  
--LIKE A  
**LEECH!**



IN THESE VERY  
**BONES**, I **SENSE**  
THAT **HE** IS NEAR!  
AFTER ALL THESE  
LONG YEARS OF  
**SEARCH** AND  
**QUEST** MY GOAL  
IS FINALLY IN  
SIGHT!

THE PATH TO HIS COTTAGE WINDS BETWEEN STRETCHES OF  
**GNARLED** AND **TWISTED** TREES... RIBBON-LIKE SHADOWS  
ASSUME **GROTESQUE DEFORMITY** AS THEY HUG THE  
DAMP GROUND!



**THREE** HAVE DIED  
IN AS MANY WEEKS!  
AND **YET**, IT IS THE **DYING** THAT  
IS **NOT DEATH...**  
--AND THE **LIFE** THAT IS **NOT LIVING!**

SOMEWHERE IN THE BLACK DISTANCE A MOUSE SQUEALS AS IT  
STRUGGLES IN THE **IRON GRASP** OF AN OWL'S **TALONS**, AND  
THE LONE SHE-WOLF SINGS HER LAMENT TO THE MOON--



**SOON--**  
--SOON THEIR **FEARS**  
WILL BE GONE, AND  
MY **MISSION** WILL  
BE COMPLETED!



**HIDDEN** WITHIN THE SHADOWS,  
A **TWISTED**, MUTED FORM  
CLOSELY WATCHES THE DOCTOR'S  
MOVEMENTS!

I FEEL THE **EYES**  
OF ANOTHER WATCHING  
ME!  
--AT LAST HE SHOWS  
HIS HAND!



THE GNOME LEAVES THE FOREST EDGE, AND RACES WITH HIS BOWED LEGS TO THE LIGHTED WINDOW...

...WHERE HE PEERS OVER THE SILL WITH HIS SMALL, QUICK EYES!



YOU WILL NOT DIE LIKE THE OTHERS--  
--YOU WILL DEAL WITH MY MASTER!



--AND MY MASTER WILL PAY YOU IN SPARKLING NEW PIECES OF GOLD!  
--LOTS OF GOLD!  
ALL HE DESIRES IS THE BLOOD YOU LET FROM THE BODIES OF YOUR PATIENTS!

I DRAIN THE DISEASED BLOOD FROM MY PATIENTS TO MAKE THEM WELL! I AM A PHLEBOTOMIST-- A MAN OF SCIENCE-- NOT A LEECH!

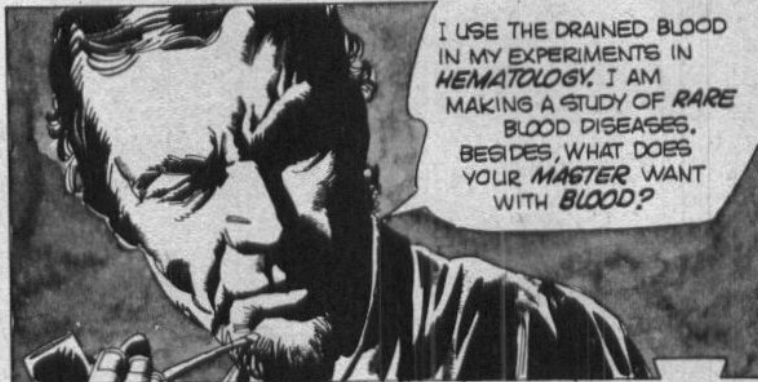


SUDDENLY...

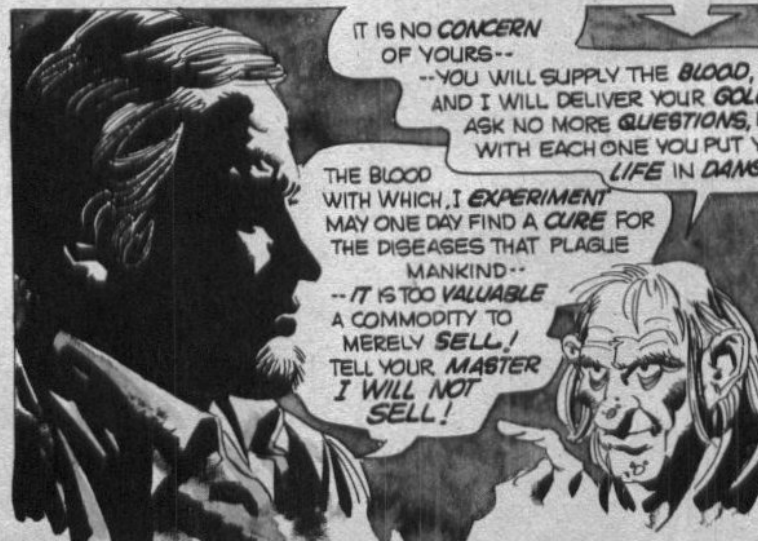
OPEN UP, DOCTOR!  
OPEN UP!

RAPP  
RAAAP  
RAAPP

A SHORT WHILE LATER, THE MAN OF MEDICINE LISTENS ATTENTIVELY TO THE STRANGE MESSAGE DELIVERED BY A CREATURE MORE TOAD THAN HUMAN!



I USE THE DRAINED BLOOD IN MY EXPERIMENTS IN HEMATOLOGY. I AM MAKING A STUDY OF RARE BLOOD DISEASES. BESIDES, WHAT DOES YOUR MASTER WANT WITH BLOOD?



IT IS NO CONCERN OF YOURS--

--YOU WILL SUPPLY THE BLOOD, AND I WILL DELIVER YOUR GOLD! ASK NO MORE QUESTIONS, FOR WITH EACH ONE YOU PUT YOUR LIFE IN DANGER!

THE BLOOD WITH WHICH I EXPERIMENT MAY ONE DAY FIND A CURE FOR THE DISEASES THAT PLAGUE MANKIND--

--IT IS TOO VALUABLE A COMMODITY TO MERELY SELL! TELL YOUR MASTER I WILL NOT SELL!



HE SHALL HAVE THE BLOOD IN EITHER CASE! GUARD YOURSELF WELL, DOCTOR!

WITH HIS **TOADISH** GUEST GONE, THE DOCTOR RELAXES IN HIS LEATHER CHAIR WITH A PIPE OF FINE CAROLINA TOBACCO--



I SHOULD EXPECT HIS ARRIVAL SHORTLY, AND LITTLE DOES HE REALIZE --  
--HE SHALL NEVER LEAVE THESE ROOMS AGAIN!

--AND WAITS!

EVERYTHING HAS BEEN PREPARED--  
HE SHALL NOT ESCAPE ME THIS TIME!



THE SILENT EVENING IS SHATTERED BY THE STEADY, BROODING TATTOO OF MEMBRANEOUS WINGS AS THEY CUP THE STILL AIR!



IT SEARCHES THE DARK FOREST, CROUCHED WITH SHADOWS, FOR A SOLITARY BEACON--

--TO GUIDE IT TO FOOD!



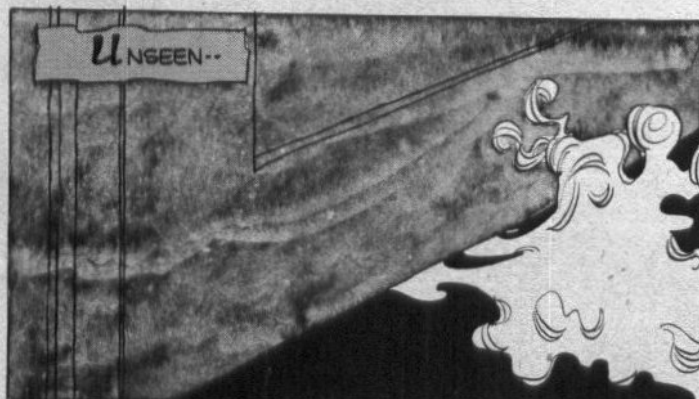
**DELICATE, HAIRIED WINGS FLUTTER BACKWARDS AS THE PLUMMETING CREATURE PREPARES TO LAND!**



**A MIST THAT CASTS NO SHADOW NOR EMITS A SMELL FILLS THE ROOM!**



**IN A BLUR OF CELLULAR ACTIVITY, THE BLACK HAIRIED FORM OF BAT TRANSFORMS INTO FAINT WISPS OF MIST AND PASSES BENEATH THE LARGE, OAK DOOR!**

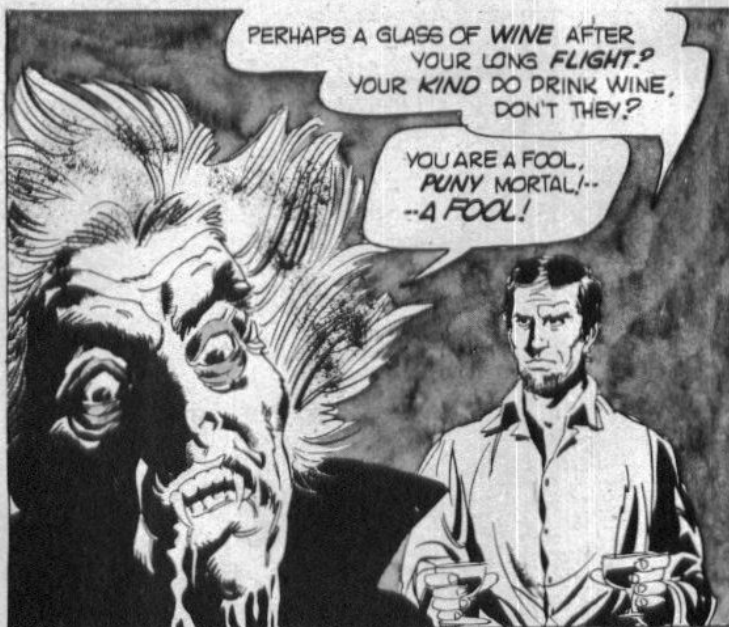


**SUDDENLY, A SOLID FORM BEGINS TO APPEAR IN THE THICKENING MIST...**



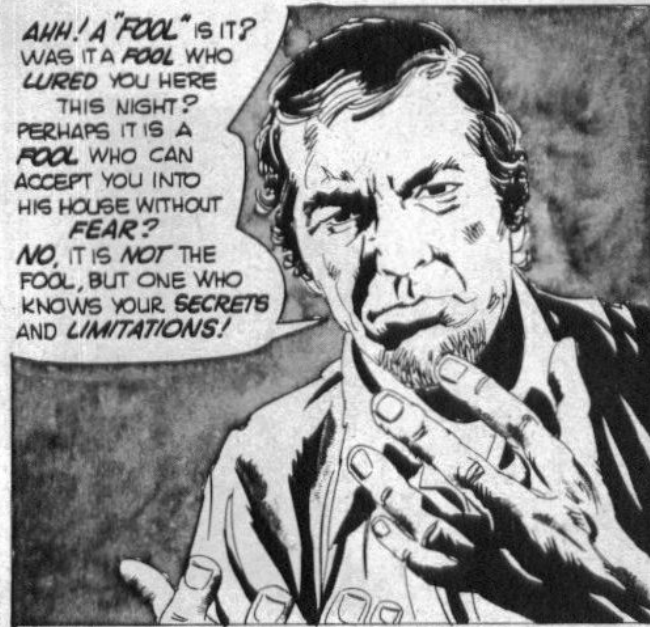
**WITHIN SECONDS, THE MISTS THIN TO REVEAL A CADAVEROUS PRESENCE!**





PERHAPS A GLASS OF WINE AFTER  
YOUR LONG FLIGHT?  
YOUR KIND DO DRINK WINE,  
DON'T THEY?

YOU ARE A FOOL,  
PUNY MORTAL!--  
--A FOOL!



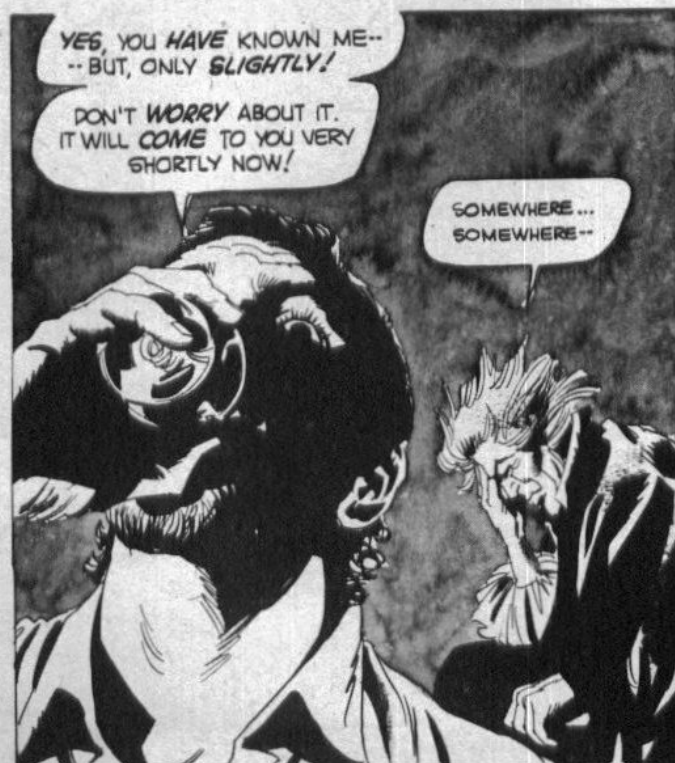
AHH! A "FOOL" IS IT?  
WAS IT A FOOL WHO  
LURED YOU HERE  
THIS NIGHT?  
PERHAPS IT IS A  
FOOL WHO CAN  
ACCEPT YOU INTO  
HIS HOUSE WITHOUT  
FEAR?  
NO, IT IS NOT THE  
FOOL, BUT ONE WHO  
KNOWS YOUR SECRETS  
AND LIMITATIONS!



WHY THAT  
STRANGE,  
QUESTIONING  
LOOK ON YOUR  
BLOODLESS  
FACE, HERR  
BARON?



YOUR FACE  
I DO NOT KNOW--  
-- BUT YET, I  
FEEL THAT I  
HAVE KNOWN  
YOU!  
IT WAS ANOTHER  
TIME... A  
DIFFERENT  
PLACE--  
I CANNOT  
REMEMBER!



YES, YOU HAVE KNOWN ME--  
-- BUT, ONLY SLIGHTLY!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.  
IT WILL COME TO YOU VERY  
SHORTLY NOW!

SOMEWHERE...  
SOMEWHERE--



ENOUGH OF YOUR PUZZLES--  
I HAVE COME FOR THE BLOOD!  
IT IS THAT, OR YOUR LIFE!

OH, YOU  
SHALL  
HAVE IT--





IN A BLINDING FLASH, THE SCALPEL  
SEVERS THE ROPE--





WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, THE WOODEN MISSILE FINDS ITS DESIRED TARGET!



A WHEEZING, ASMATIC WIND STIRS THE SMALL PILE OF ASHES THAT LAY ON THE FLOOR. THE ASHEN FLAKES DANCE IN THE WINDS EMBRACE, THEN FALL LIFELESS!



SUDDENLY--

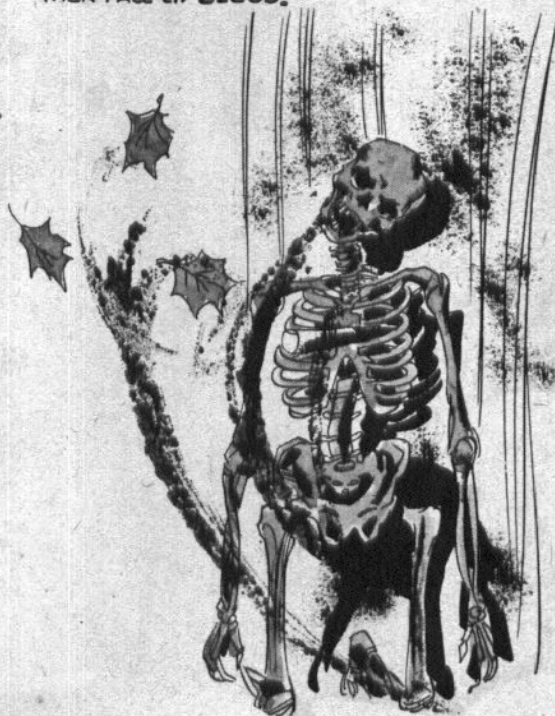
YES--  
ONCE YOU KNEW ME--  
SLIGHTLY!

YOU DIED MANY YEARS AGO,  
AND ENTERED THE REALM  
OF DEATH--

--WHERE I AM KING!  
THEN SUDDENLY YOU WERE  
DRAGGED BACK BY THE  
HIDEOUS CURSE THAT LAY  
UPON YOUR SOUL! DRAGGED  
BACK TO PREY UPON THE  
LIVING--

--TO CONDEMN MORE TO  
YOUR GROTESQUE

DEATH WALK!



DEEP WITHIN THE DARK WOODS, TACKED LIKE SOME ILL-FATED INSECT, A DISEASE HAS BEEN ERASED. MEN SHALL NO LONGER FEAR IT--AND CHILDREN SHALL NO LONGER CRINGE AT THE MENTION OF ITS NAME...FOR DEATH HAS COME TO CLAIM A STRAY MEMBER OF HIS FLOCK!



# Time for living

I am — or more correctly, I WAS, a crewman aboard the French frigate 'GALLEON'. Now all aboard her are dead, and the proud GALLEON lies at the very bottom of the ocean — and I stand aboard a wooden platform about to be beheaded, about to DIE.



# Time for dying

How long I have wanted to die, though not so horribly as this. I desire a just death, and a merciful, peaceful death, but French law does not permit such honor — it dooms me to writhe in agony, only compounding the manifold horrors that already destroy my body. But what care I now? — In a few minutes I will be dead — all the agonies will be over, and they, not I — THEY will be the ironical victims of their injustice.

Months ago the GALLEON was returning from Egypt, loaded up with silks and jewels and perfumes, rich cargo from the Mid-East, in return for our own cargo of certain cured meats, vegetables and crafted muskets and weapons. Sometime out of port a disease, unknown in origin and in type, spread the ship. Men died every hour, literally on the hour, of the plague which was somewhat like scurvy, and somewhat like leprosy. Their skin rotted, their tongues bloated, their eyes became filled with mucus — at length they could not breathe for their throats were clogged with phlegm and their nostrils filled with blood. They could not speak, and could hardly scream. Many could not endure their agony and leaped overboard, to either drown or be eaten by ever-present sharks. In a very few days, the ship had lost half its crew, and there seemed no end to the misery aboard our vessel. A few of us who still seemed strong, appealed to the captain, a very straightforward man. We begged him to make for the nearest port, so that those who still lived could flee this plague, or at least obtain some medical attention. He refused, saying frankly that in all probability we were all doomed. He said he would never enter any port so long as we had disease, for unquestionably we would infect others and the plague would spread. He insisted we accept our fate as men.

Twenty of us mutineered. We took over the GALLEON, regrettably killing our captain and several mates, and we made for the nearest port, which was DUSLOIN, just off the southern French coast. Only a few of us still lived, and many of us (not I) were becoming diseased even as we deserted the ship and rowed ashore. We were met by several constables — they looked upon our disease and instantly shot at us, killing several of us with their fire.

I, and just a few others, escaped and made our return to the ship. How so few men managed the GALLEON to open sea I find it hard to say, but we survived until the great storm broke, tossing us hopelessly about and breaking us apart. All the men were washed overboard, so far as I know, and only I survived, lashed to the wheel of the ship, and unconscious during the horror of the crashing waves and the blinding rain and shrieking wind. When I awoke I was in the water roped to the wheel — all about me other bits of debris floated in the calm waves. I could see land, and with all exertion at my weakened command, paddled to the shore, a task consuming several hours.

It is French law, as indeed it is the law of every nation, that mutiny is as villanous a crime as treason, automatically punishable by death. The court of law where I was tried only yesterday, only a day out of the water, dealt its justice quickly, pronouncing sentence in the same breath as it announced charges against me. And so now, here I stand, awaiting the axeman. The crowds shout and cheer and scream for my blood, and they will not be denied, for even now the executioner steels his nerves and prepares to decapitate me.

I will place my head upon the block, he will slowly raise the mighty blade and swing it powerfully upon my neck, severing my veins and my flesh. My head will roll into a little basket. The crowd will roar in glee. My soul will go to hell. Then I will be eaten, or at least my head will be eaten, by the dogs, and those dogs, carrying the disease in my body, will become rabid and will infect the people of this town — the people who were so quick to pass judgement on me will rot, as my shipmates rotted. I am the carrier of the disease, of course, though the townspeople do not realize it (I realized it myself only a short time ago, when I found I was the only one alive aboard the GALLEON without the plague). Living I might destroy them all — dead, I will certainly destroy them all — thousands, perhaps millions will die. I do not mean to say I am happy about this, but at least I will have my revenge. I could tell them, but it would not help them to avoid their awful fate. As I die, so dies half of Europe — even now, as I await the axe, I look about and I see the early stages of the plague, their eyes are filling with mucus, their mouths emit excessive phlegm, — aha, the axeman turns, the crowd roars, it is time to die!





THE GODS  
ONCE CONFRONTED  
SATAN AND HIS  
LEGIONS, HERE  
ON THIS  
HILLTOP!  
...IT'S AN OLD  
INDIAN TALE...

WELL WHAT ABOUT THAT  
IDEA JOHN HAD--START  
UP OUR OWN TRAVELLING  
CARNIVAL OF  
FREAKS...

...WE COULD TRY IT,  
BUT I DON'T THINK IT'LL  
WORK--A CARNIVAL IS MORE  
THAN FREAKS... WE NEED CIRCUS  
ACTS, CLOWNS, SIDE SHOWS TO  
DRAW CROWDS...

...THE CARNIVAL WE'RE WITH NOW  
HAS GOT ALL THAT AN' STILL IT'S  
GOIN' OUT OF BUSINESS!

-YEH, BUT WE  
AIN'T GODS, OR EVEN  
SATAN'S LEGIONS...  
FACT IS, AT THE END  
OF THE MONTH WE'RE  
NOT EVEN GOING TO  
HAVE JOBS... THE  
CARNIVAL FINISHED,  
AN' SO ARE WE!

...YEH, JOE'S RIGHT-- WE  
GOTTA GET INTO SOMETHING  
WORTHWILE... HOW'S ABOUT  
A LITTLE BUSINESS WE CAN  
ALL OPERATE-- RIGHT HERE  
IN COASTAL BLUFFS-- A  
GAS STATION MAYBE --  
OR A RESTAURANT...  
WE'VE GOT ABOUT  
\$ 15,000 BETWEEN  
US--THAT WOULD BE  
ENOUGH MONEY...

YOU'RE RIGHT- BUT THE  
GAS STATION BUSINESS  
ISN'T EXACTLY BOOMING  
RIGHT NOW--AND I DON'T  
THINK A RESTAURANT  
WOULD WORK-- PEOPLE  
DON'T ENJOY LOOKING  
AT US AND EATING...  
...WE NEED SOMETHING  
ELSE...

...HOW ABOUT A  
MOVIE THEATER?...

...A BOOK-  
STORE?...

A  
LAUNDERETTE  
MAYBE?

...WHEN THE AVERAGE GUY IS OUT  
OF WORK, HE GOES OUT AND GETS  
HIMSELF SOME OTHER JOB-- WHEN  
A BUSINESSMAN GOES OUT OF  
BUSINESS, HE BEGINS A NEW  
BUSINESS...

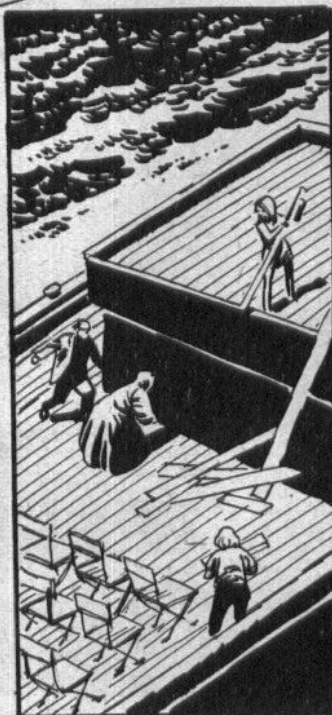
...BUT WHEN A GROUP OF CIRCUS  
FREAKS ARE THROWN OUT OF  
WORK-- WHAT DO THEY DO?  
THE ANSWER, IS WHAT OUR  
TALE OF TERROR IS ALL ABOUT...

THIS IS A TOURIST  
AREA-- HOW ABOUT WE  
WORK ON THAT IDEA --  
MAYBE WE COULD OPERATE  
A TOURIST SHOP--MAKE  
THE CURIOS WE SELL--OR--  
MAYBE A SPORTING GOODS  
STORE, LIKE FOR HUNTERS  
AND FISHERMAN... OR--  
MAYBE A TOURIST BOAT--  
--YEH--MAYBE WE COULD TAKE  
TOURISTS UP AN' DOWN THE  
RIVER OR TOURS-- HOW  
'BOUT THAT?

# THE VAMPIRE FREAKS



...THE NEXT FEW WEEKS WAS SPENT PUTTING EVERYTHING IN ORDER FOR THE FIRST CRUISE UP THE CRYSTAL RIVER-- THEY EXHAUSTED THEIR MONEYS AND THEY EXHAUSTED THEMSELVES-- BUT THEY HAD A LOT OF FUN-- FOR THEY WERE WORKING FOR A FUTURE-- A FUTURE FILLED WITH THE PROMISE OF HAPPINESS...





...AND ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE,  
THE GOOD SHIP FORTUNE  
HAD A FULL COMPLEMENT OF  
PASSENGERS...

WE ARE NOW  
PASSING BY FORT COOPER  
-- TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO  
THIS WAS GUARD POST FOR  
THE TOWN OF COASTAL BLUFFS  
-- TO WARD OFF ATTACKS  
BY INDIANS...

THIS AREA OF  
THE RIVER IS INFESTED  
WITH SNAKES OF ALL  
KINDS--MANY OF THEM  
ARE POISONOUS AND  
YOU ARE WARNED NOT  
TO HANG YOUR HANDS  
OVER THE SIDE OF  
THE BOAT!

HE'S A NICE  
LITTLE MAN--HE  
SPEAKS VERY  
NICELY-- IT'S TOO  
BAD HE'S SO  
SHORT!

I NEVER TRUST  
SHORT PEOPLE--I  
SAW A MAN ONCE  
ON A T.V. TALK SHOW  
AND HE WAS A  
PICKPOCKET--HE  
WAS SHORT TOO!

WAS SHE  
MURDERED?  
HOW DID SHE  
DIE?

THIS  
WOMAN IS  
DEAD!

WHAT  
HAPPENED?

HER THROAT  
IS TORN-- BLOOD  
IS POURING FROM  
SMALL HOLES IN  
THE NECK, LIKE  
VAMPIRE TEETH  
WOULD MAKE!

...WHICH ONE  
OF YOU DID THIS?  
WHICH ONE OF  
YOU IS A  
VAMPIRE?...

I KNEW WE  
SHOULDN'T HAVE  
COME ABOARD WITH  
THESE FREAKS--THEY  
MURDERED HER--  
LOOK AT THEM--  
FILTHY AWFUL  
PEOPLE...

LADIES AND  
GENTLEMEN--YOU  
MUST BELIEVE US--  
WE KNOW AS LITTLE  
ABOUT THIS AS YOU  
DO...

THIS HAS  
SPOILED OUR  
MAIDEN VOYAGE--  
SURELY YOU CAN'T  
BELIEVE WE HAD  
ANYTHING TO DO  
WITH IT?



I'M THE SHERIFF AN' WE'LL HOLD AN INVESTIGATION RIGHT HERE AND-NOW TO FIND OUT WHO DID IT...

IN THE FIRST PLACE DON'T BELIEVE IT WAS ANY VAMPIRE THAT KILLED THIS OLD LADY-- IN THE 2ND PLACE EVERYBODY KNOWS VAMPIRES CAN'T LIVE IN DAYLIGHT!

THE SHERIFF! THANK GOD YOU'RE ABOARD-- YOU CAN FIND OUT WHO THE MURDERER WAS...

-- WELL IT MUST HAVE BEEN ONE OF YOU FREAKS -- WHY WOULD IT BE ONE OF US?

WE'LL HOLD ON NOW-- LET'S CONDUCT THIS IN AN ORDERLY MANNER...

OH THIS IS RIDICULOUS! VAMPIRES DON'T LIVE IN DAYLIGHT! FOR GOODNESS SAKE CONDUCT THIS INVESTIGATION IN A SCIENTIFIC WAY!

SOMEBODY IS LYING -- SOMEBODY WAS AT THE BACK OF THE BOAT HERE WITH THE OLD LADY... -- NOW -- WHO IS LYING? -- WHO'S THE MURDERER?

MOMMY!

NOT NOW TOMMY!

I THINK MAYBE THAT REMARK WAS UNCALLED FOR LADY!

MOMMY-MOMMY LISTEN TO ME!

ALLRIGHT--I'M SORRY-- BUT PLEASE FIND THE MURDERER -- THIS INCIDENT HAS SPOILED OUR CRUISE!

I INTEND TO SOLVE IT-- --EVERYBODY SIT DOWN EXACTLY WHERE YOU WERE WHEN YOU HEARD THE SCREAM--

NOT NOW TOMMY-- LATER!

WELL-- YOU WERE THE CLOSEST -- DIDN'T YOU SEE ANYTHING?

ME? I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING-- I WAS LOOKING OVER AT THE HORSES ON THE BANK-- I HEARD THE SCREAM AND TURNED LIKE EVERYONE ELSE-- THERE WAS NO-ONE BESIDE THE OLD LADY WHEN I TURNED!

NO-ONE?

NO SIR-- NO-ONE!





LET ME LOOK AT HER NECK--  
MMH-- TINY HOLES-- ...AN  
THERE ARE NO BATS IN  
THIS AREA... WHY WOULD  
SOMEBODY PUT TWO  
PIN-HOLES IN HER NECK  
UNLESS --HE WAS  
A VAMPIRE?

--OR WANTED  
TO MAKE IT  
LOOK LIKE A  
VAMPIRE!

MOMMY!  
LISTEN  
TO ME--

SHUT-UP  
TOMMY!



... NOBODY LEAVES  
THIS BOAT UNTIL I  
FIND OUT WHO  
KILLED THE  
OLD LADY...

CAN WE  
CONTINUE  
OUR CRUISE?

HE MURDERS  
ONE OF US AND  
HE WANTS TO  
CONTINUE THE  
CRUISE??

HE DIDN'T  
MURDER THE  
OLD LADY. WHAT  
DO YOU MEAN?

ONE OF YOU  
FREAKS DID--  
IT WAS ONE OF  
YOU--YOU'RE  
ALL ALIKE!



IT WAS HIM  
-- LOOK AT THOSE  
FILTHY LITTLE  
TEETH!

WHY DON'T  
YOU CONFESS  
LITTLE FREAK--  
LITTLE  
VAMPIRE!

WHAT THE  
HELL IS  
GOING ON?--  
ALL THAT  
SHOUTING!!



BAAM



MY GOD  
MY GOD

OOF!

WE'LL BE  
CRUSHED!

MOMMY--  
MOMMY!

OH MY LORD  
-- TONY IS  
DEAD-- YOU  
CRUSHED  
HIM! YOU  
MURDERED  
TONY!

WELL IT WAS HIM ANYWAY  
-- HE KILLED ONE OF US--  
THE LITTLE FREAK  
DESERVED  
TO DIE!

IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HIM--  
HE WAS TALKING ON THE  
PLATFORM AT THE FRONT  
OF THE BOAT AS WE ALL  
WATCHED!!

MOMMY  
--MOMMY!

OH, WHAT  
IS IT TOMMY?

THE LITTLE  
MAN DIDN'T KILL  
THE OLD LADY!

THAT'S FANTASTIC  
-- THEN SHE JUST DIED  
OF A HEART ATTACK  
FOLKS--THAT'S ALL--

WHAT?--YOU SAW  
THE MURDER?--WHO  
KILLED THE OLD  
LADY?... WHO?

WELL--NO  
HARM DONE  
-- LET'S GET  
ON WITH OUR  
GUIDED CRUISE  
--EVERYTHING IS  
SETTLED NOW!

YEH--AN' WE  
THOUGHT IT WAS  
MURDER! HA HA  
HA HA--WELL--  
THAT'LL TEACH  
US NOT TO JUMP  
TO FAST  
CONCLUSIONS!  
HA HA HA HA  
HA HA NAHA!

"...NO ONE KILLED HER--IT WAS  
RATS--WATER RATS!!"  
"-WHAT? WATER RATS? BUT  
HOW, CHILD?"  
"...WHILE THE LITTLE MAN WAS  
SPEAKING, SOME WATER RATS  
CAME ONTO THE BOAT AND RAN  
AROUND-- I WAS LOOKING AT  
THEM--THEY SCARED THE OLD LADY  
-- AT FIRST SHE WAS SO  
FRIGHTENED SHE COULDN'T  
SCREAM, SHE GRABBED HER  
HEART AND FELL OVER-- THEN THE  
RATS RAN TO HER AND BEGAN--  
BEGAN TO EAT HER!"  
"WHAT? THEY WERE EATING HER  
AND SHE DIDN'T SCREAM?"  
"YES-- WHEN THEY BEGAN TO EAT  
HER THEN SHE SCREAMED AND  
EVERYONE CAME RUNNING  
OVER THEN-- BUT I GUESS SHE  
WAS ALREADY DEAD!"

WHAT DID  
YOU SAY?

I-I SAID  
NO HARM DONE  
--LET'S CONTINUE  
OUR VOYAGE, EH?

GET THE HELL  
OFF OUR BOAT!



-- THERE IS A **RUMOR**, OR A **SUPERSTITION**, THAT IN THE STATE OF **WEST VIRGINIA**, SOMEWHERE IN THE ROLLING **HILLS**, **HIDDEN AWAY** FROM **ALL SOCIETY** AND **ALL HUMAN EYES**, THERE IS A **SUB-HUMAN BEING** WHO COULD BE BEST DESCRIBED AS THE **MISSING LINK** BETWEEN **MAN** AND **APE**-- A SORT OF **AMERICAN YETI**, OR **ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN**-- **THIS** STORY **NEITHER REFUTES** NOR **CONFIRMS** THIS **CALCULATION** OF SEVERAL WEST VIRGINIANS, WHO CLAIM TO HAVE ACTUALLY **SEEN** THE **MONSTER**-- NO, THAT IS NOT THE **PURPOSE** OF THIS TALE-- THE **REASON** FOR THIS **NARRATIVE** IS MERELY TO RELATE AN **INCIDENT** THAT HAPPENED ON THE 16TH OF AUGUST 1973, **SOMEWHERE** IN THE **RAGGED MOUNTAINS**-- ALL WE CAN SAY IS THE PEOPLE INVOLVED IN **THIS** STORY **SWEAR EVERY FACT HEREIN IS TRUE!** (THOSE WHO ARE STILL ALIVE). THIS STORY WAS **WRITTEN**, IN PART, BY **THORNTON WELLS**, OF **LYNCHBURG**, WEST VIRGINIA-- A **PARTICIPANT** IN THE STRANGE EVENTS THAT FOLLOW--

# THE THING IN THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS



written by TED FREEMAN

illustrated by WALTER FORTISS



YEH-- WE DON'T **HAVE** TO GET AWAY FROM THEM TO HAVE A **GOOD TIME!** WE CAN HAVE A **GOOD TIME** WITH THEM ALONG!



--IT NEARS NIGHTFALL ON THE EVENING OF AUGUST 16, 1973-- **THORNTON WELLS**--**EDGAR JASON** AND **JOHN RICHARDS** ARE CONCLUDING A DAY OF **HUNTING DEER**--

WELL WE DIDN'T **SEE** A **SINGLE DEER**-- BUT IT WAS A **NICE DAY** ANYWAY-- **TRACKIN'** THROUGH THE **HILLS**--

THE **NEXT TIME** WE ALL GET A **DAY OFF** TOGETHER WE SHOULD **BRING ALONG** OUR **WIVES**-- WE DON'T SHOOT ANY **DEER** ANYWAY-- WE JUST **WALK AN' TALK**-- AND IT'LL BE A **NICE BREAK** FOR THEM TOO!



WHAT THE **HELL** IS THAT?

IT ISN'T A **DEER**-- LOOKS MORE LIKE A **BEAR!**





**K-BAMM  
KK-BAMM  
K-BAMM**



HIS *GUN* WAS *USELESS*--  
IT DIDN'T HAVE ANY  
*EFFECT!*

--WHAT ANIMAL'S  
SO *POWERFUL* THAT  
EVEN 4 *BULLETS* IN  
HIM HAVE  
*NO EFFECT!*



IT'S *LEAVING*--  
IT'S JUST  
*WALKING*  
*AWAY!*

YEH-- WELL  
I'M NOT GOING  
TO *LET* IT  
JUST *WALK*  
*AWAY*-- IT  
KILLED *EDDY*--  
AN' I'M GOING  
TO *KILL*  
*IT!*



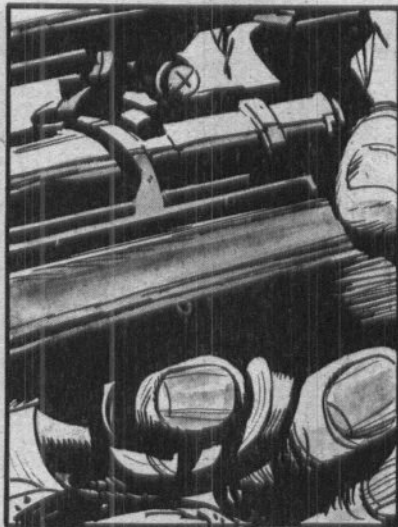
OH  
LORD!

IT'S -- *CRUSHING*  
HIS *RIBS*-- IT'S A *BEAR*--  
IT *MUST BE A BEAR*  
OF SOME *KIND!*

*BUT HOW?*  
RIFLE *FIRE* HAS  
*NO EFFECT!*

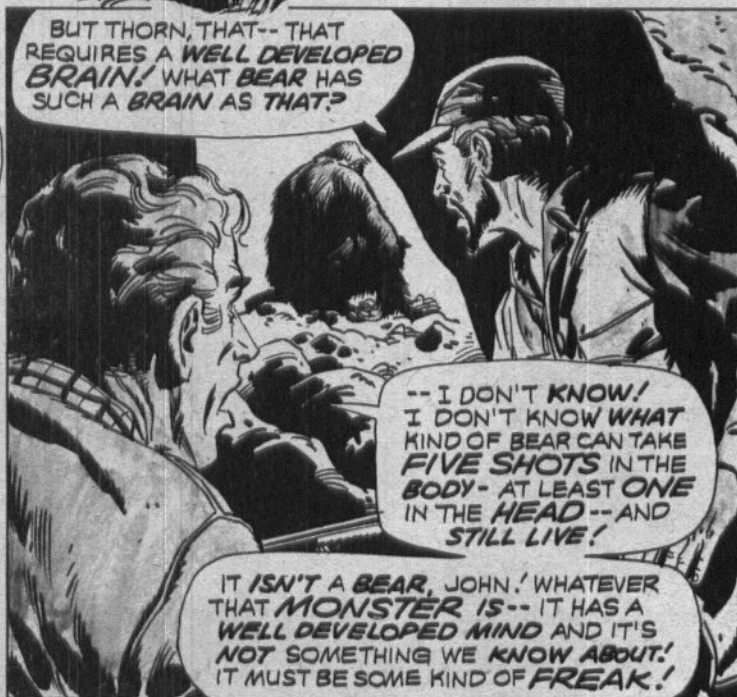
JASON DIDN'T  
HAVE *TIME* TO AIM--  
HE *FIRED* INTO IT'S  
*BODY*-- I'LL PUT A *SHOT*  
RIGHT INTO IT'S *BRAIN*--  
THERE'S *NOTHING*  
*ALIVE* THAT CAN  
*SURVIVE THAT!*





THE **BULLET** ENTERED HIS HEAD -- I SAW IT -- I KNOW IT ENTERED HIS **BRAIN** -- YET --

-- YET NOTHING HAPPENED -- EXCEPT IT TURNS, AND IS COMING UP HERE TO GET US!



BUT THORN, THAT-- THAT REQUIRES A WELL DEVELOPED **BRAIN**! WHAT BEAR HAS SUCH A **BRAIN** AS THAT?

-- I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF BEAR CAN TAKE **FIVE SHOTS** IN THE **BODY** - AT LEAST ONE IN THE **HEAD** -- AND STILL LIVE!

IT **ISN'T** A BEAR, JOHN! WHATEVER THAT **MONSTER** IS -- IT HAS A WELL DEVELOPED **MIND** AND IT'S NOT SOMETHING WE KNOW ABOUT! IT MUST BE SOME KIND OF **FREAK**!







OH LORD--  
IT'S COMING  
AFTER ME  
NOW!



ITS--  
ITS EYES--  
IT'S EYES  
LOOK  
HUMAN!



ITS--  
ITS EYES--  
IT'S EYES  
LOOK  
HUMAN!



IT'S LEAVING! IF I  
WAIT 'TILL MORNING --  
'TILL I'M SURE IT'S GONE  
I'LL BE ABLE TO GET BACK  
TO LYNCHBURG. I  
TRICKED IT--IT CAN'T  
GET ME!



B-DAMN!  
B-DAMN!  
B-DAMN!

--RIFLE FIRE--  
MUST BE A RESCUE  
PARTY--THEY  
MUST'VE SPOTTED  
THE THING!





DAWN-- WHERE IS THE RESCUE PARTY -- THOSE SHOTS I HEARD WERE HOURS AGO-- THEY MUST'VE LEFT-- THEY MUST'VE THOUGHT I WAS DEAD TOO!



THERE THEY ARE-- DOWN BELOW ME! HEY THERE HEY!

DON'T TRY TO RUN, WELLS OR WE'LL SHOOT!

THROW DOWN YOUR GUN!

EH?



I--I DON'T UNDERSTAND SHERIFF--

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND? WE JUST FOUND THE BODIES OF RICHARDS AND JASON! YOU SHOT THEM DURING THE NIGHT SOMETIME! WE KNOW THAT-- ALL WE HAVE TO FIGURE OUT IS WHY!

SHERIFF--I-- I DIDN'T SHOOT THEM! IT WAS AN ANIMAL -- SOME SORT OF HUMAN MONSTER!

HE ATTACKED US! ED SHOT HIM AND WAS CRUSHED -- JASON TOO -- THE ANIMAL CRUSHED THEM!

-- AND AFTER THIS MONSTER ANIMAL CRUSHED THEM I SUPPOSE IT SHOT THEM TOO, EH?-- AND THEN IT JUST LET YOU GO FREE, EH? YOU'RE UNDER ARREST -- FOR THE MURDER OF 2 MEN-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED UP HERE LAST NIGHT, BUT ANIMALS DON'T SHOOT MEN! ONLY MEN SHOOT MEN!



-- THORNTON WELLS IS NOW A RESIDENT OF THE EGERTON ASYLUM FOR THE MENTALLY INSANE, IN RICHMOND VIRGINIA -- HE WROTE THIS TALE TO US, CLAIMING IT AS HIS ONLY DEFENSE AGAINST THE FIRST DEGREE MURDER CHARGES BEING BROUGHT AGAINST HIM -- HE DOES NOT CLAIM HIS INSANITY WAS RESPONSIBLE -- HE CLAIMS THE UNKNOWN THING IN THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS SHOT THE 2 OTHER MEN, AFTER THEY WERE ALREADY DEAD - TO IMPLICATE, TO 'FRAME' HIM AS REVENGE AND AS SELF-PROTECTION -- "FOR AFTERALL," SAYS MR. WELLS, "IF I HAD BEEN ALLOWED TO RETURN TO LYNCHBURG AND TELL THE TRUTH, AND WAS BELIEVED, WHY- THE WHOLE COUNTY WOULD BE OUT SEARCHING FOR IT." WE DO NOT CONFIRM OR PROTEST THE FACTS IN THIS STORY -- WE MERELY RELATE THEM AS WELLS RELATED THEM TO US, IN A SHAKING HAND, ON THE LETTERHEAD OF A LUNATIC ASYLUM -- NOW YOU DECIDE!



...IS THIS TOWN ANY DIFFERENT FROM KOLOGK, TRANSYLVANIA -- OR ANY OTHER TOWN ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD, COME THE *MIDNIGHT HOUR*? THE ANSWER IS *NO* --



**VAMPIRES**  
ARE ON THE  
LOOSE --  
ALWAYS WITH A  
*SINGLE THOUGHT*  
IN THEIR CORRUPT  
MINDS  
-- *MURDER*...



... AND AS WE ALL KNOW, TO COMMIT A MURDER, A *VICTIM* IS REQUIRED -- PREFERABLY A 19 YEAR OLD GIRL TOO NAIVE TO REALIZE THAT TERRORS STALK THE STREETS AFTER DARK...

# FISTFUL OF FLESH

written by LESLIE JEROME  
illustrated by DENIS FORD







TAMARA--YOU'RE ALSO FINISHED--FOR ABOUT A WEEK--TOM, THE VAMPIRE, CALLS YOU BACK FROM THE GRAVE TO BE HIS SLAVE--

-I NEED A WEEK OFF--IT'S NOT EVERY DAY A GIRL GETS ATTACKED BY A VAMPIRE--EVEN IF IT IS IN A MOVIE!

MR. FREDSON--DON'T FORGET THE OLD UNDERTAKER ED MUGGS; AND THE GRAVE DIGGER, PETE; AND THE STUNT MAN--WE DON'T NEED ANY OF THEM FOR A FEW DAYS--

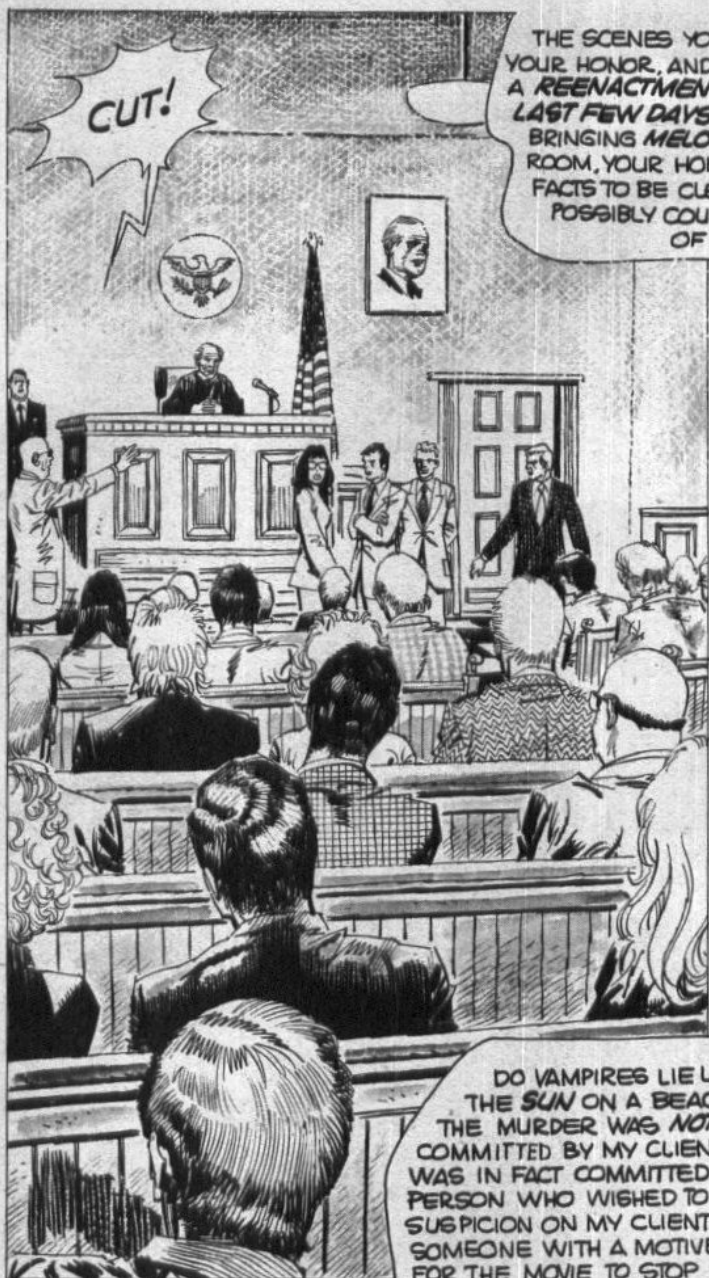


IS THAT IT JOAN? CAN WE PROCEED?--I WANT TO GET THE OPENING SCENE FINISHED TODAY!

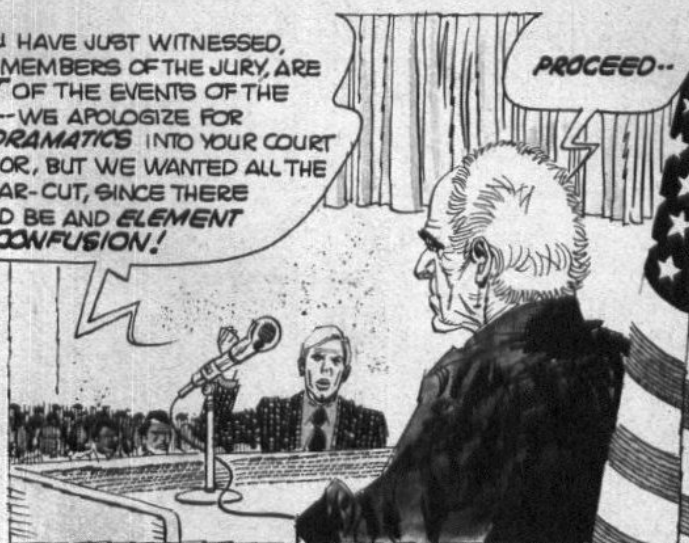
YES MR. FREDSON, THAT'S IT--WE CAN SET UP THE 'TOWNSFOLK PLOTTING TO KILL THE VAMPIRE' SCENE NOW!



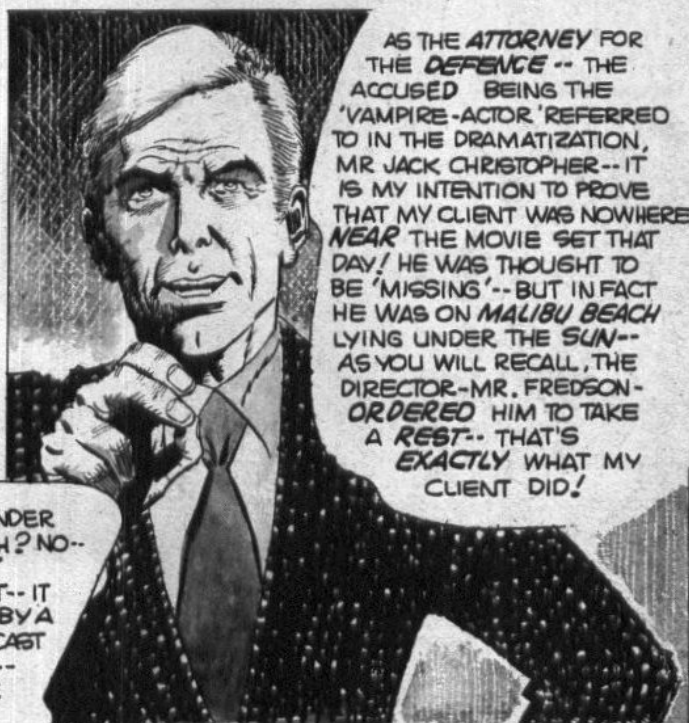




THE SCENES YOU HAVE JUST WITNESSED, YOUR HONOR, AND MEMBERS OF THE JURY, ARE A REENACTMENT OF THE EVENTS OF THE LAST FEW DAYS--WE APOLOGIZE FOR BRINGING **MELODRAMATICS** INTO YOUR COURT ROOM, YOUR HONOR, BUT WE WANTED ALL THE FACTS TO BE CLEAR-CUT, SINCE THERE POSSIBLY COULD BE AND ELEMENT OF **CONFUSION!**



PROCEED--



AS THE ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENCE--THE ACCUSED BEING THE 'VAMPIRE-ACTOR' REFERRED TO IN THE DRAMATIZATION, MR JACK CHRISTOPHER--IT IS MY INTENTION TO PROVE THAT MY CLIENT WAS NOWHERE NEAR THE MOVIE SET THAT DAY! HE WAS THOUGHT TO BE 'MISSING'--BUT IN FACT HE WAS ON **MALIBU BEACH** LYING UNDER THE **SUN**--AS YOU WILL RECALL, THE DIRECTOR-MR. FREDSON-ORDERED HIM TO TAKE A **REST**--THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT MY CLIENT DID!

DO VAMPIRES LIE UNDER THE **SUN** ON A BEACH? NO--THE MURDER WAS **NOT** COMMITTED BY MY CLIENT--IT WAS IN FACT COMMITTED BY A PERSON WHO WISHED TO CAST SUSPICION ON MY CLIENT--SOMEONE WITH A MOTIVE FOR THE MOVIE TO STOP PRODUCTION--ONLY **ONE MAN** HAD SUCH A MOTIVE--**ONLY ONE MAN**--



YOU! PETE EDWARDS--THE STUNTMAN!

ME?--YOU'RE CRAZY--WHAT POSSIBLE MOTIVE COULD I HAVE--AND I HAVE AN **ALIBI**--I WAS IN AN EMPTY **STUDIO** REHEARSING A SCENE--

WHICH SCENE, EDWARDS? THE SCENE WHERE YOU ARE MADE UP AS THE **VAMPIRE** AND YOU LEAP FROM THE TOP OF A **BUILDING** TO ATTACK A GIRL'S NECK? WERE YOU REHEARSING **THAT** SCENE. EDWARDS? **NO--**

NO -- THERE'S NO WAY YOU WOULD BE REHEARSING THAT SCENE EDWARDS -- THAT SCENE WAS YOUR MOTIVE FOR WANTING THE MOVIE STOPPED! YOU WERE UNDER CONTRACT -- YOU HAD TO DO THE SCENE, UNLESS YOU STOPPED PRODUCTION OF THE MOVIE -- UNLESS YOU HAD THE STAR, MY CLIENT, THROWN IN JAIL -- THAT'S WHY YOU MURDERED 'THE SHERIFF,' CASTING SUSPICION ON MY CLIENT!

YOU'RE CRAZY -- WHY? WHY WOULD I WANT THE MOVIE STOPPED? WHY WOULDN'T I WANT TO PLAY THAT SCENE?

FOR ONE VERY SIMPLE REASON, MR. EDWARDS --

--BECAUSE THAT SCENE REQUIRES MAKE-UP -- MAKE-UP AS A VAMPIRE -- YOU WOULD REQUIRE FALSE VAMPIRE TEETH TO BE PUT IN YOUR MOUTH BY THE MAKE-UP DEPARTMENT -- AND YOU COULD NEVER ALLOW THAT, COULD YOU?

BECAUSE --

--BECAUSE WHEN THEY PUT THE PHONY VAMPIRE TEETH IN YOUR MOUTH THEY WOULD DISCOVER SOMETHING CURIOUS ABOUT YOUR REAL TEETH -- THEY WOULD DISCOVER YOU REALLY ARE A VAMPIRE WOULDN'T THEY?

YOU'RE CRAZY -- YOU CAN'T PROVE THAT!

CAN'T I?

CAN'T I VAMPIRE?

AAAAAAA

...STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED IN THE MOVIES, PERHAPS, BUT NOT IN AN AMERICAN COURT OF LAW, WHERE ONCE AGAIN -- AS ALWAYS, JUSTICE IS SERVED...

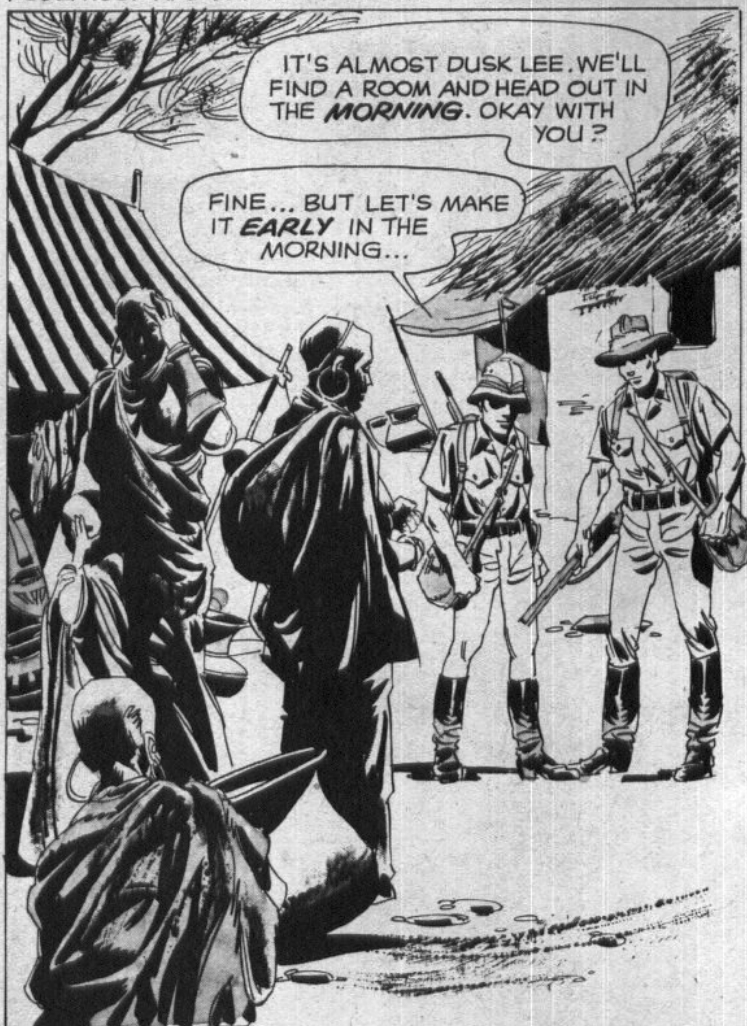
...JUSTICE IS ALWAYS SERVED WHEN THE FIENDS ARE EXPOSED AS FIENDS, AND THEIR FLESH IS ALLOWED TO ROT!

ASHES TO ASHES -- DUST TO DUST -- THE VAMPIRE MEETS HIS MAKER, IN HELL!





A FEW THOUSAND *MILES*, SEVERAL HUNDRED *DOLLARS* AND A HELLUVA LOT OF *GREED* HAVE PUT MURRAY ROBERTSON AND LEE MORRELL WHERE THEY ARE...



IT'S ALMOST DUSK LEE. WE'LL FIND A ROOM AND HEAD OUT IN THE *MORNING*. OKAY WITH YOU?

FINE... BUT LET'S MAKE IT *EARLY* IN THE MORNING...



...AND ALTHOUGH THEY'VE COME A GREAT DISTANCE, IN SO MANY WAYS, THEIR JOURNEY IS ONLY *BEGINNING*!

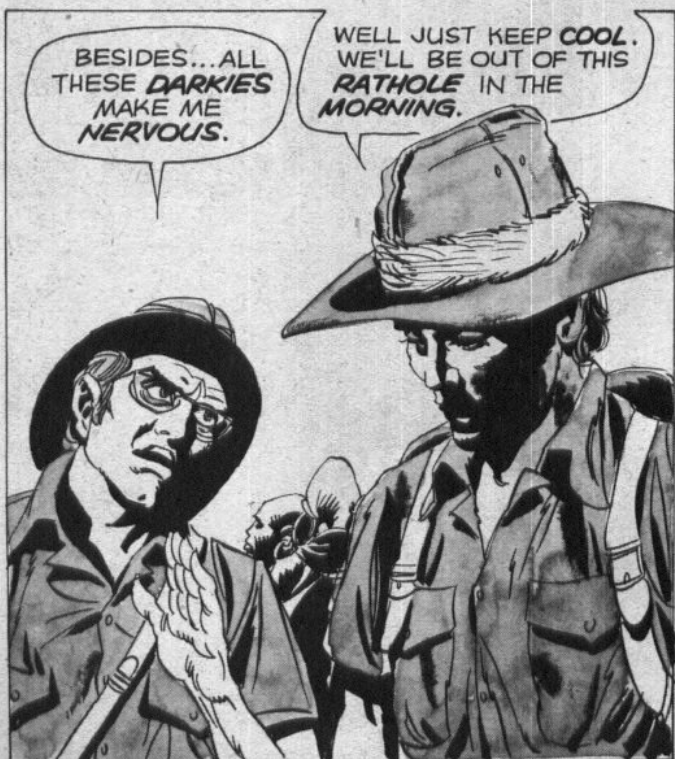
ROOMS  
12 PER NIGHT

...I WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT GOLD AS *SOON AS POSSIBLE*. YOU'RE SURE OF *EVERYTHING* ARE YOU?

FOR *GOD'S SAKE* LEE! I'VE TOLD YOU A *HUNDRED* BLOODY TIMES...THE MAP IS *AUTHENTIC*...AND IT'S THE *ONLY ONE*! AS LONG AS WE HAVE IT THERE'S *NO WAY* WE CAN MISS GETTING OUR HANDS ON THE *GOLD*!

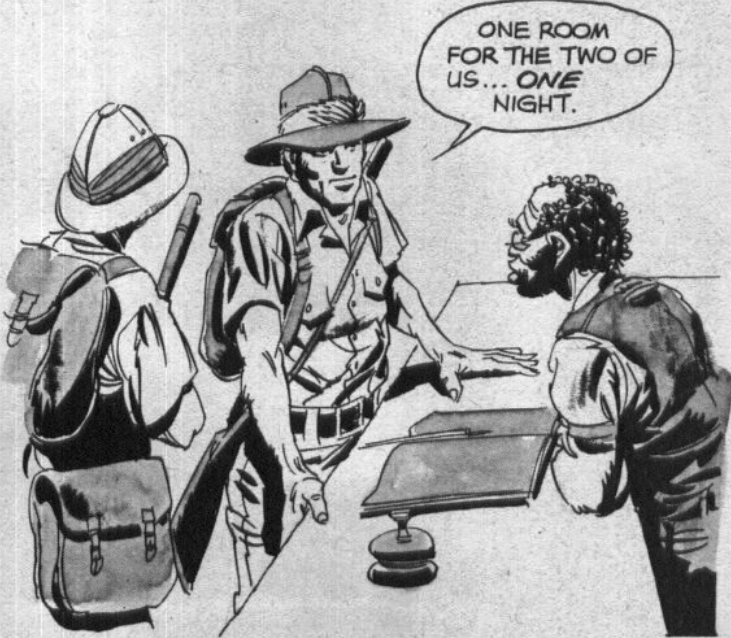


I *HOPE* SO BECAUSE I SURE AS HELL DON'T WANNA SPEND ANY MORE TIME TRAMPIN' AROUND IN THIS BIG SWAMP THAN I *HAVE* TO!



BESIDES...ALL THESE *DARKIES* MAKE ME *NERVOUS*.

WE'LL JUST KEEP *COOL*. WE'LL BE OUT OF THIS *RATHOLE* IN THE *MORNING*.



ONE ROOM FOR THE TWO OF US... *ONE* NIGHT.

THESE ARE THE MEN AROUND WHOM THIS STORY REVOLVES...FOR IT IS *THEY* WHO HAVE SET IN MOTION THE WHEELS OF *HORROR* THAT WILL SOON GRIND THEM UNDER. IT IS *THEY* WHO WILL *CHOKE* ON THEIR *TERROR*... FOR IT IS *THEY* WHO WILL ENCOUNTER THE...

# SNAKEWIZARD!

MORNING COMES TO THE COASTAL VILLAGE, BUT LONG BEFORE ANY OF THE *OTHER* INHABITANTS ARE ABOUT TWO MEN ARE *LEAVING* THE TOWN...



written by AUGUSTINE FUNNELL  
illustrated by ANDY CRANDON

...WITH THINGS *MORE* PRESSING THAN A PLEASANT *SUNRISE* ON THEIR MINDS!

DOESN'T MATTER. BY THE TIME HE *DOES* FIND OUT WE'LL BE *LONG GONE*. TOO BAD THOUGH... THE OLD GOAT ONLY HAD *SIXTEEN* DOLLARS TO HIS NAME.

HOW LONG DO YOU THINK IT'LL BE BEFORE THAT OLD DARKIE FINDS OUT WE *RANSACKED* HIS *SAFE*?

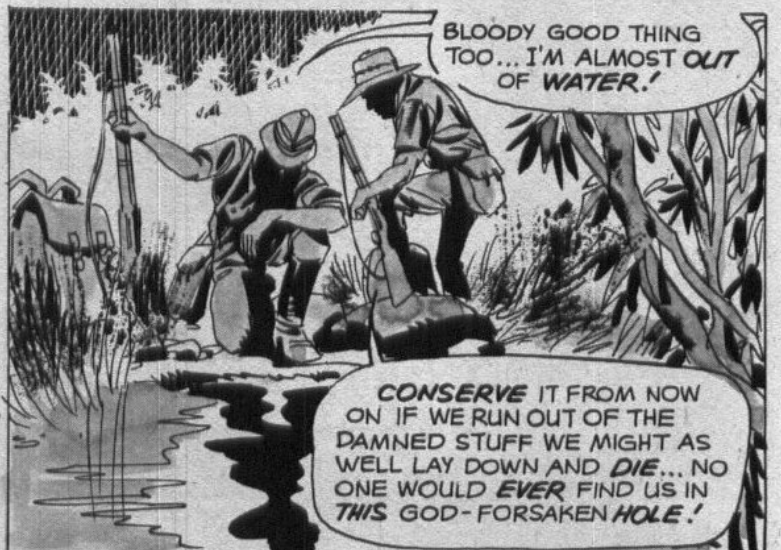


BUT THERE'LL BE *MORE* THAN *SIXTEEN* DOLLARS WAITING FOR US WHEN WE GET TO THE *TEMPLE*!

THEIR PROGRESS IS *SLOW*... FOR EVERY VINE AND ROOT THEY CHOP AWAY THEY CAN ONLY ADVANCE A FEW *INCHES* TO ... *ANOTHER* VINE OR ROOT.



A *CLEARING*! THANK GOD FOR *THAT*!



BLOODY GOOD THING TOO... I'M ALMOST OUT OF *WATER*!

*CONSERVE* IT FROM NOW ON IF WE RUN OUT OF THE DAMNED STUFF WE MIGHT AS WELL LAY DOWN AND *DIE*... NO ONE WOULD *EVER* FIND US IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN *HOLE*!



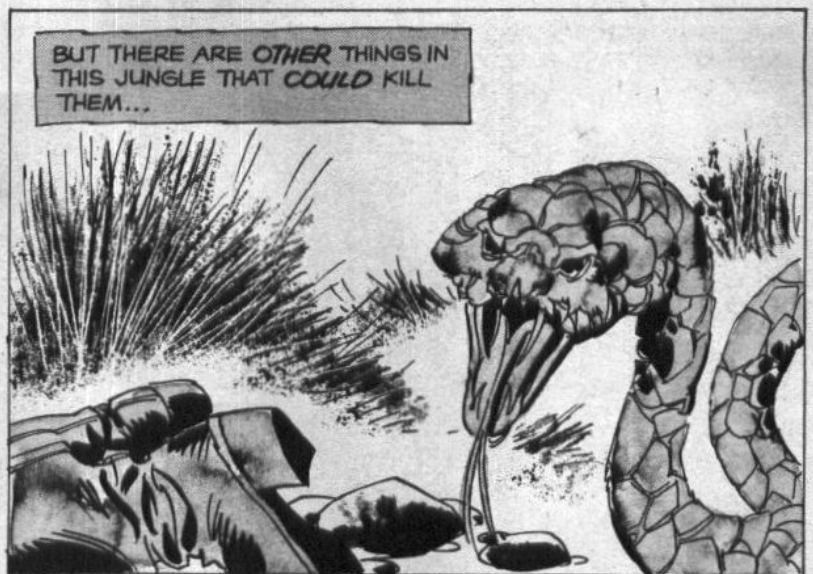
PERHAPS THE THIRST *WOULD* KILL THEM... FOR THE TIME BEING THEY'LL NOT KNOW...



...AND THEY CERTAINLY DO TRY! YES SIR... *THEY CERTAINLY DO TRY!*



...BUT SOME ARE FORTUNATE...



BUT THERE ARE *OTHER* THINGS IN THIS JUNGLE THAT *COULD* KILL THEM...

SOMETIMES A MOMENT IS ALL THAT SEPARATES LIFE AND DEATH...



OH GOD...

KILL IT MURRAY...  
**KILL IT!!!**



**KRAK! KRAK**



GOD... THE PAIN...

A SLIGHT **RUSTLE** OF PARTING BRANCHES AND MURRAY ROBERTSON WHIRLS AROUND, READY FOR ANYTHING FROM THE **KILLER JUNGLE!**



MURRAY GET HELP... IF IT WAS **POISONOUS**... I'LL NEVER MAKE IT.

HELP? WHERE IN **HELL** AM I GONNA GET A **DOCTOR** IN THE MIDDLE OF THE **BLASTED JUNGLE?**



WHAT THE... ?

PERHAPS I CAN HELP THE WOUNDED ONE.

DARKIE OR **NOT** LEE... MAYBE HE CAN SAVE YOU... **I** SURE AS HELL CAN'T! C'MON OLD MAN... GET AT IT! AND JUST TO MAKE THINGS **INTERESTING**, IF **HE** DIES...



YEAH... YEAH... MAYBE YA CAN. C'MON! GET OVER HERE!

BUT MURRAY... HE'S A... **DARKIE!** YOU'RE NOT GONNA LET HIM GET AT ME ARE YA ???



... YOU DIE!!!



THE OLD MAN **IGNORES** THE GUN AND BEGINS HIS **TASK**...  
FIRST SUCKING THE **POISONED BLOOD** FROM THE  
INFECTED AREA...



...AND REACHING DEEPLY INTO THE SMALL POUCH  
HE CARRIES AT HIS SIDE FOR **MYSTIC HERBS** TO  
APPLY TO THE WOUND...



...TO FINALLY **BANDAGE** THE BLOODED HOLE AND  
ANNOUNCE

I AM **FINISHED**.  
HE WILL **LIVE**.

MURRAY...  
HE'S NOT KIDDIN'!  
THERE'S **NO PAIN** AT ALL...  
FEELS LIKE IT DID JUST  
**BEFORE** THAT  
**BLASTED SNAKE**  
BIT ME.



YES... **ALL SNAKES** ARE  
MINE... I AM **SNAKEWIZARD**!

**SNAKEWIZARD**  
HUH? WELL NOW...  
THIS **IS** GETTING  
INTERESTING. Y'SEE  
OLD MAN WE'RE  
LOOKING FOR  
SOMETHING CALLED  
THE TEMPLE OF  
THE SNAKE... AND  
SINCE **YOU** SEEM  
TO BE ON **GOOD**  
**TERMS** WITH THE  
BLASTED THINGS,  
I FIGURE **YOU**  
CAN LEAD US  
THERE.



I AM **SORRY** FOR THE ACTIONS  
OF MY PET. HAD I KNOWN **THIS**  
WOULD HAPPEN I WOULD HAVE  
KEPT HIM **NEAR** ME.

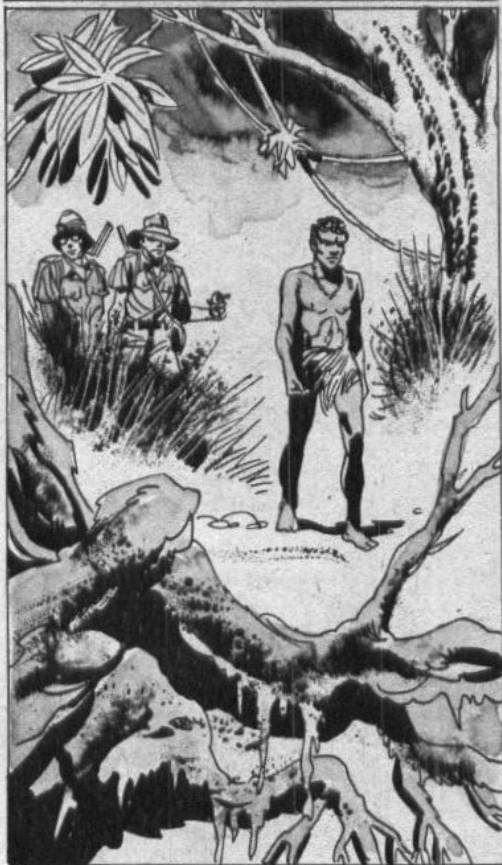


YOU MEAN...  
THAT OVERGROWN  
WORM WAS **YOURS**?!?

**WHADDAYA**  
**SAY?**



A BARGAIN MADE? NOT **EXACTLY**, BUT THE OLD MAN NODS HIS HEAD SLOWLY AND TURNS TO LEAVE THE CLEARING...



...ANIMALS OF A **WORSE** VARIETY THAN THAT WHICH LAYS **DEAD** IN THE WATER FOLLOWING BEHIND HIM!



THE TREK THROUGH THE CLINGING JUNGLE IS EASIER, **NOTICEABLY EASIER**, AND THE TWO MEN KNOW THEY HAVE FOUND THE **KEY** TO THE RICHES THAT AWAIT THEM...



...BUT THAT KNOWLEDGE, GREAT AS IT IS TO THEIR GREEDY MINDS, CANNOT COMPARE IN **ANY** WAY WITH THE SIGHT OF...



THE  
TEMPLE OF  
THE SNAKE!!!



THEY MOVE **QUICKLY** TOWARD THE GLEAMING ENTRANCE... FOR WITHIN ARE THE RICHES THAT ALL GREEDY MEN LUST AFTER!

THEY ENTER, THEIR HEARTS PUMPING BLOOD THROUGH THEIR BODIES AT A **FURIOUS** RATE!



THOSE STEPS ARE TAKEN... INTO THE **GAPING MAW** OF THE SNAKE... AND THERE, IN ALL THE **MAJESTY** THAT IS POSSIBLE FOR ANY METAL IS...



IT MOVES **SWIFTLY... SILENTLY**, ITS FLASHING TONGUE DISCLOSING ONLY A **SMALL** AMOUNT OF THE **HORROR** WITHIN!



IN LESS THAN A MOMENT IT IS **FINISHED**. TWO BODIES LAY UPON THE FLOOR OF THE CHAMBER, STIFF AND **COLD...** AND ANOTHER ONE BEGINS TO **CHANGE** ONCE MORE...



...BACK INTO A FORM THAT WOULD FRIGHTEN **NO ONE!** BUT WHAT OF THE **OTHER** TWO BODIES? THEY **TOO** BEGIN TO CHANGE... THEIR SKIN TAKES ON A **YELLOWISH HUE** ... BECOMES **HARD... COLD!**

MY GOD! I CAN'T MOVE... BECOMING **YELLOW!** OH LORD... I'M TURNING INTO A **GOLDEN STATUE!!!**

HE **TURNS** THEN, AND WALKS SLOWLY **OUT** OF THE TEMPLE... FOR HE IS AN **OLD MAN** AND HAS NO USE FOR **GOLD!**

THE **MAP** GENTLEMEN. I **KNOW** YOU CAN HEAR ME... EVEN IF YOU **CANNOT** ACKNOWLEDGE MY WORDS.

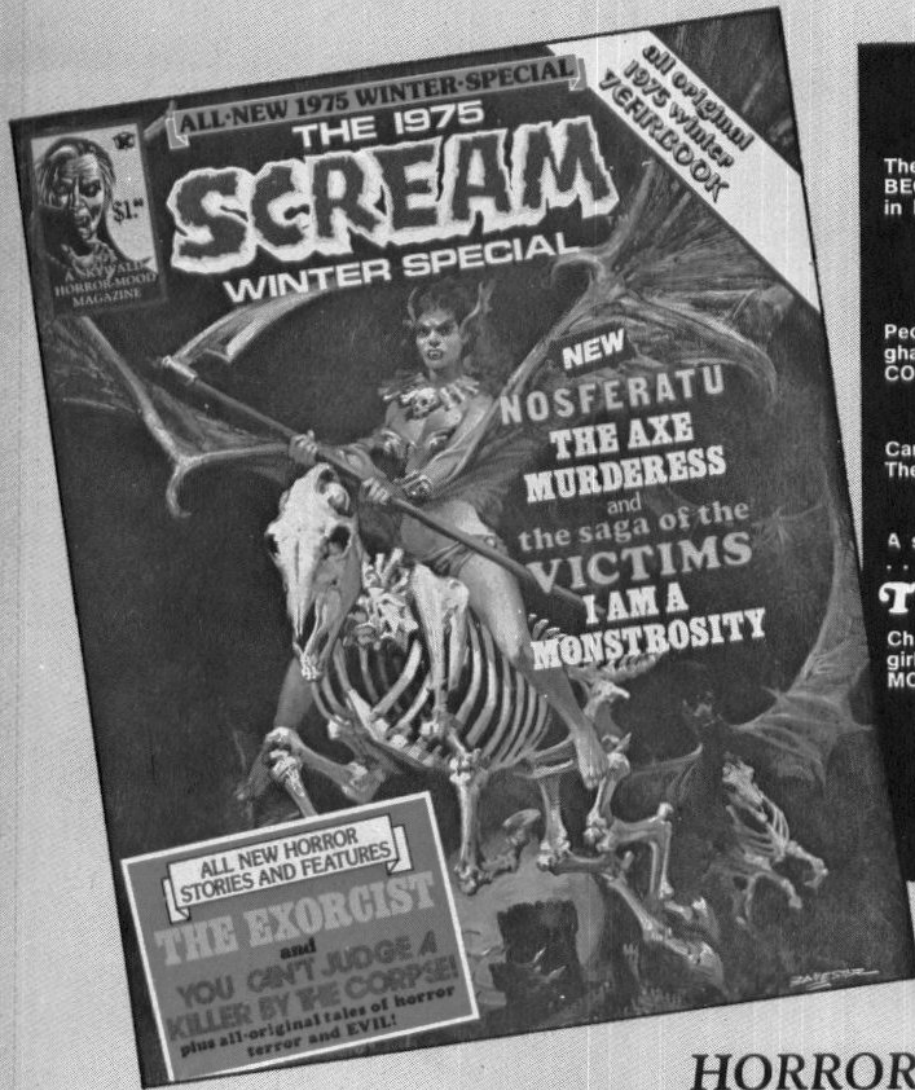
THERE ARE **OTHER** WHITE MEN LIKE **YOU...** AND THEY WILL **NEED** THIS MAP TO **GET** HERE. AND I **DO** WANT THEM TO COME... SO **VERY** MUCH!

PLEASE GOD... NOT THIS... NOT THIS!!!

NO... NO...







## Nosferatu

The tale of the female fiend in Nosferatu's Castle BEGINS when she was an innocent child — and ENDS in horror as an old witch . . . page 4

## You can't judge a Killer by the Corpse

People DO judge the criminal by his crime, which is a ghastly mistake in the case of this KILLER and his CORPSE companion . . . page 16

## The Breeders

Candy can rot your teeth, but can it devour your SOUL? The Breeders know . . . page 26

## The Exorcist

A shocking review of the shock movie of the decade . . . page 33

## The Saga of the Victims

Chapter 5 in the continuing saga of 2 innocent young girls struggling for survival — I AM A PROUD MONSTROSITY . . . page 47

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# WEREWOLF



illustrated by ROBERT MARTIN